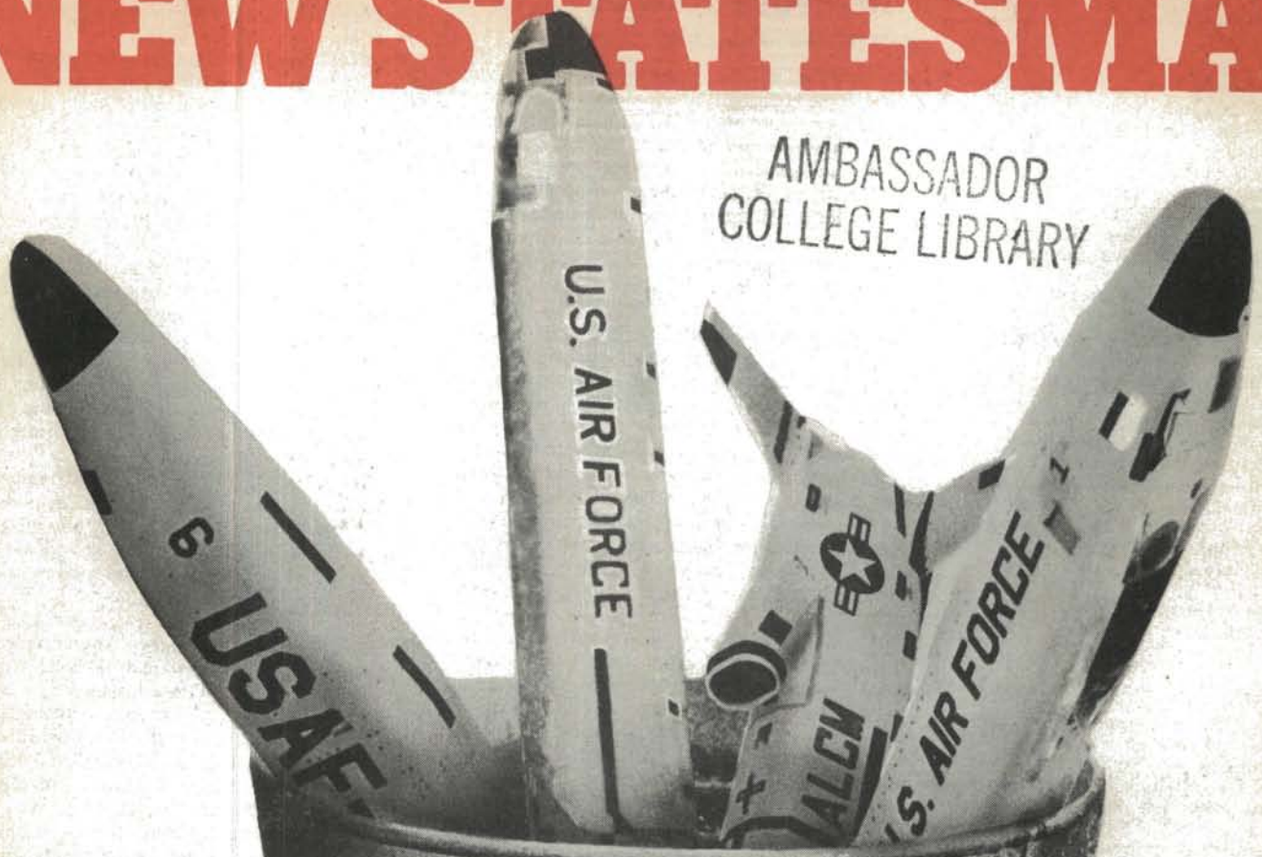
22 August 1980 40p USA $1.25 By Air

OCT 1 0 1980

NEW STATESMAN

AMBASSADOR
COLLEGE LIBRARY



THE CRUISE MISSILE

IT DOESN'T EVEN WORK

Chemical warfare: America's brutal legacy in Vietnam
Report from Poland/Parliament's housing con

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW STATESMAN

Volume 100 22 August 1980 No 2579

Contents

2 **Notes:** House of Lords and the Housing Bill; Phone-tapping in Dundee; National Front marches; Union finances & postal ballots; Waiting for justice at Rampton; Tories' educational U-turn; The plight of the Boat People today; The Hollinwell incident
4 **Dismantling National Insurance:** Ruth Lister
5 **Report from Poland:** A special correspondent
6 **The TUC and Poland:** Patrick Wintour
Korea's show trial: Donald Kirk
7 **Anwar Ditta's battle against the Home Office:** David Holmes
Ulster: Mary Holland
8 **Chemical warfare in Vietnam:** Mike Goldwater & Anthony Barnett
10 **Cruise: the missile that doesn't work:** Andrew Cockburn
12 **Inside South Africa's Department of Foreign Affairs:** Martin Bailey
13 **London Diary:** Anna Coote'
14 **Letters**
15 **Arthur Marshall and Roger Woddis**

Books & Arts

16 **Stevenson, Rider Haggard, Conrad and Scott:** James Campbell
17 **Recent poetry:** Alan Hollinghurst
18 **Maureen Duffy's ancestors:** Charles Fox
19 **The travels of Indian villagers:** Martin Bailey
19 **The Church in Zimbabwe:** Terence Ranger
20 **New novels:** Brian Martin
21 **The British Film Institute's summer school:** Stuart Hood
21 **Keeping fit and well with TV:** Julian Barnes
22 **Galileo and Othello on stage:** Christopher Edwards
23 **Brian Eno and his synthesiser:** Mark Kidel
24 **From punk to fan-dancing at the movies:** David Wilson
24 **Weekend Competition**
25 **Chess and Crossword**
Poem by Paul Muldoon
Cover montage: Michael Bennett

Editor: **Bruce Page** Deputies: **Christopher Hird, Anna Coote** London Editorial Staff: **Duncan Campbell, Christopher Hitchens, Francis Wheen, Patrick Wintour** Northern Editor: **Rob Rohrer** Irish Editor: **Mary Holland** Associate Editor: **Godfrey Hodgson** Art Editor: **Vicky Hutchings** Education: **Rick Rogers** Literary & Arts Editor: **David Caute** Deputy: **Paul Binding** Editorial Assistant: **Gillian Wilce** Chief Executive: **Johnny Johnson** General Manager: **Peter Jones** Assistant General Manager: **Joanne Hurst** Advertisement Manager: **Michael Roberts** Classified Manager: **Allan Sayers** Circulation Manager: **Les Sharp** Circulation Sales Manager: **Tim Freeman** Accountant: **Ted Peacock**

Subscription Rates

Surface mail:
UK £20, Overseas £22.50
Air mail:
Europe £27, Middle East £29, Africa, India £30.50, Australasia, Far East £32.00, USA $69.00, Canada $80.00

New Statesman
10 Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ
Tel: 01-405 8471 Telex: 28449
Cables: Newstat, London WC1

© 1980 Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd and contributors

NOTES

The House of Lords' phoney victory

Monica Ferman writes: The House of Lords amendment to the Housing Bill forced on the government in the final hours of the last parliamentary session has been widely misunderstood and its significance greatly exaggerated. It has been presented as a significant concession by the government and as a victory for the House of Lords. It is neither of these things.

It will be recalled how, on Wednesday 6 August following lunch in a St James's hotel, Michael Heseltine and Roy Hattersley agreed that the government would accept a Lords' amendment restricting a council's right to sell old people's housing. This ensured that the bill, once passed in the House of Commons, was not again sent back by the House of Lords with further amendments — an event which would have seriously threatened its prospects of becoming law given the limited amount of time available before the end of the session. This victory for the House of Lords made Baroness Birk — the proposer of the amendment about old people's housing — confess that she was 'starry-eyed' about the effect the House of Lords could have on legislation.

However, she does not seem to have noticed that the amendment which came back to the House of Lords — and which it approved — was not the same as the one which they had sent out. The original Birk amendment proposed to exempt from the statutory Right to Buy all housing 'designed or specifically adapted' for 'persons of pensionable age'. After the Hattersley-Heseltine bargaining the amendment was altered so that no automatic exemption was provided. The Right to Buy this type of property was restored but, as a concession, the local housing authority *could* 'within six weeks of service on it of a notice claiming to exercise the right' apply to the Secretary of State for exemption. The Secretary of State can, if so minded, grant exemption. Little wonder that Mrs Thatcher at the end said that the government had got nearly all it wanted. Only Lord Hylton, a rebellous Tory peer on the back benches, pointed out that this was not the same amendment at all and, what's more, there was no time limit set for the Secretary of State to reply to the local authorities' application.

To gain this small concession, the Opposition Front Bench and Lady Birk gladly sacrificed more useful amendments. These included the proposal that if the price of a house rose during the two years in which a tenant's option to buy was outstanding (this can be secured by paying a £100 deposit) the ultimate purchase price should reflect half of this increase in value. The second significant amendment to bite the dust was the proposal that local housing authorities — and not the minister — should have the power to designate Rural Areas — in which the council always has first refusal to re-buy a council house, as an attempt to discourage such properties becoming second homes.

Dundee v. MoD

Duncan Campbell writes from Dundee: Dundee City Council have taken grave exception to the contents of recent reports in the *New Statesman* concerning international telephone tapping by US intelligence agents. The particular object of their concern has been the presence in the Dundee district of a Post Office microwave radio station at Craigowl Hill, a dominating peak overlooking the city, which was identified in the report on America's 'Big Ear' (NS 18 July) as the Scottish terminal of a special communications network which feeds into the National Security Agency monitoring station at Menwith Hill, near Harrogate.

At an emergency meeting of the District Council called last Thursday, Lord Provost James Gowans invited a 'delegation' — consisting of myself and Scottish regional executive of the Post Office Engineering Union Mike Ronaldson — to brief the council on the background to Craigowl Hill and unsupervised British and American telephone tapping operations.

Local concern has built up rapidly after questions were put by Bob Cryer MP to the Secretary of State for Scotland concerning the role of the Craigowl Hill installation two weeks ago. The next day council leader Charles Bowman contacted the local telephone manager to voice their concern. He was told that the Post Office would gladly show councillors round the station, and was invited to a meeting last Monday.

The following day, both the meeting and the tour were cancelled. The Post Office said that Ministry of Defence permission would now be required; 'this is a high security installation'. Further questions were referred endlessly to different government departments. Police began stopping weekend visitors to the hill — a popular walking and hang-gliding venue. However, local MP Ernie Ross successfully led a group on an external tour of the station.

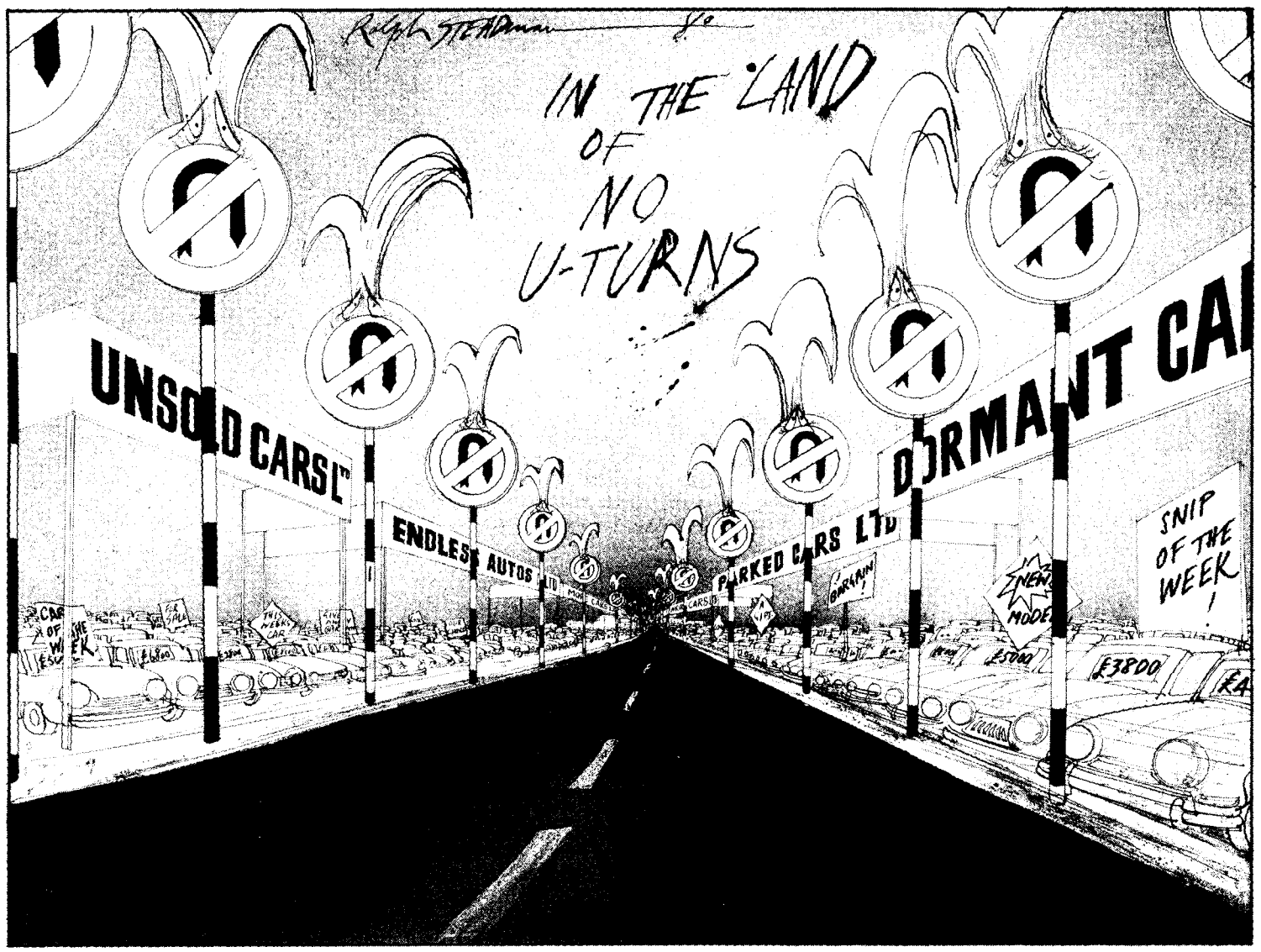
The emergency council meeting voted unanimously to demand access to the station, and deplored the abrupt Post Office turnabout. They also suggested that the Scottish Secretary should provide — if he could — assurances that the station was not used for unauthorised tapping. The minority Tory group had, however, walked out *en masse* half way through the debate claiming there was no evidence to support the allegations, despite their leader's lengthy questioning of myself on the evidence.

The *New Statesman* has obtained further information on the tapping connections to Menwith Hill. The link into Scotland is code-named 'Northern Backbone', and although ostensibly provided for civil defence purposes, actually carries 3,840 telephone lines from Dundee to Hunters Stones PO tower in Yorkshire. The Post Office now admits that a 'private' underground cable links from there to the Menwith Hill eavesdropping station.

Stopping the NF

Judith Cook writes: The National Front march in the small manufacturing town of Nuneaton, which took place there because six towns and cities banned the demonstration, cost over £100,000 to police. No chief constable has yet tried an alternative to the system of using thousands of police to protect small numbers of NF demonstrators except for John Alderson, Chief Constable of Cornwall and Devon. In May 1979 the NF planned a march through Plymouth's dockyard area. When John Tyndall and his mob arrived in coaches and asked where their

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



police protection was, they were told that the chief constable's deputy and five constables who had been set to the scene would do the job. The Anti-Nazi League were lined up in force outside the place where the rally was to be held and Tyndall called the whole event off. The Deputy Chief Constable said that *if* the NF had marched, they would have been arrested for conduct likely to cause a breach of the peace.

Rich unions don't need ballot money

Patrick Wintour writes: The two unions who say they want to accept the government's Employment Act so that they can finance postal ballots do not need the money. If they stick to their position the Amalgamated Union of Engineering Workers and the Electrical, Electronic, Telecommunication and Plumbing Union could face expulsion from the TUC: at next month's congress the Bakers' Union will propose a motion that any union taking advantage of any section of the Employment Act be expelled. If the two unions go to the stake it will be on a matter of principle.

The EETPU's accounts show that ballot expenses in 1978 were only £23,000, and £13,000 in 1979, compared with a surplus of income over expenditure in 1979 of over £1 million. Total net assets amount to around £8 million — largely represented by property and stock market investments.

The June issue of the AUEW's *Journal* shows that the cost of the ballots held in September 1978 and March 1979 — there are two ballot periods each year — came to £297,000 (half of the cost being stamps). The union ballots for every paid official and can well bear the cost. Under the guidance of Sir John Boyd the union's finances have been enormously strengthened in recent years with its general fund — effectively its net assets — increasing from £7.4 million at the beginning of 1976 to £14.3 million at the end of last year. Although last year's surplus was only £300,000, compared with over £1 million the year before, 1980 should show a sharp improvement. The increase in subscription rates by roughly £5 a member per year at the beginning of this year might bring in an extra £6 million (total income last year was £13 million) and subs will go up by £2.50 a year in each of the next four years. The union has also decided to end the payment of unemployment and sickness benefit, which cost £550,000 in 1979.

Costs, it is true, will be higher this year, though very few strikes are being made official. The steel strike has cost £1.7 million in dispute pay and union officers' salaries are being increased, at a total cost of £300,000. The level of dispute pay is also being increased. However, there is still expected to be a healthy surplus.

The arguments at Congress will thus probably turn on whether or not reliance on government money reduces unions' independence. If the Bakers' motion is passed — at the moment this is an open question — this could bring the TUC into conflict with the Labour front bench who took a conspicuously ambiguous position on the question of government support for union ballots when the Employment Bill was debated in the House of Commons.

Rampton: the long wait for justice

Francis Wheen writes: Fifteen months have passed since Yorkshire Television broadcast its controversial programme about Rampton mental hospital and presented the police with over 800 allegations of brutality towards patients. During this period not one member of staff at Rampton has been suspended. No one has been charged. And, according to sources inside the hospital, the ill-treatment continues unchecked.

A team of detectives went to Rampton shortly after the television programme. They are thought to have done an impressively thorough job despite the lack of assistance from the Prison Officers' Association (which represents staff at Rampton) and the Department of Health and Social Security (which declined to provide files containing details of patients' injuries until the police threatened to subpoena them). The police, who have now concluded their inquiries, compiled over 300 cases against nurses and ex-nurses and began sending their files to the Director of Public Prosecutions as early as January this year; yet the DPP has still not charged anyone. The DPP now has details of 14 well-documented cases of brutality with which he can proceed at any time; the fate of the remaining 300 cases will depend on the success rate of these early prosecutions.

Obviously there are difficulties in bringing cases to court: as one observer noted, 'Say you've got one patient who's mentally handicapped and another who's raped five children, and it's their word against that of a staff nurse — well, who would you believe?' Nevertheless, the two organisations which have made the most thorough investigations — Yorkshire TV and the police — are both convinced that there has been and is systematic maltreatment of inmates at Rampton; and the need for urgent action by the DPP is emphasised by sources inside the hospital who say that in the past year there has been considerable harassment of patients who have given evidence to the police or are thought likely to.

Some inmates have even retracted their initial statements to the police following pressure from staff: Mental Health Review Tribunals, which decide when patients should be released, are often greatly influenced by the charge nurse's progress report, so it is not surprising that inmates are afraid of saying anything which might jeopardise their chances of a favourable report from their nurse. The longer the DPP waits, the greater will be the opportunity for such intimidation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tories and local choice: theory and practice

Rick Rogers writes: Education Secretary Mark Carlisle announced a major policy U-turn this week. Official education policy is purported to give local education authorities (LEAs) 'greater freedom and responsibility to decide the education priorities of their communities'. This is the basis of the new 1980 Education Act. But Carlisle has now thrown out a vital comprehensive reorganisation scheme for Newport in Shropshire, which had the full backing of local schools, parents and LEA.

Newport is Shropshire's last 'selective' area. Protracted negotiations by the LEA sorted out the main local worries — survival of the voluntary-aided school in the transition from grammar to comprehensive and of the town's sixth-form provision (threatened by falling pupil numbers). The scheme included closure of a girls' grammar school and enlarging the boys' grammar to cope as a co-educational comprehensive. Total cost was £1 million (including provision for a growth in pupil numbers at the lower end of the schools).

The scheme was submitted to the Education Secretary in December 1979, under the now-defunct section 13 of the 1944 Act. No formal objections were made to the scheme, but Carlisle rejected it on the ground that the educational arguments for the scheme did not justify the money needed.

Had the LEA waited for the 1980 Act (in force since 1 August), Carlisle could not have intervened. If there are no objections to a scheme, the Act allows an LEA to go ahead without the Education Secretary's approval. Only on 'grounds of national policy' can the Secretary intervene — and national policy supports greater local autonomy.

The decision came as a shock to the LEA. Deputy education officer Ian Dobson said that the Department of Education (DES) had consistently encouraged the scheme up to the last moment. Newport schooling is now in deep trouble. There are no contingency plans and the LEA is being forced to maintain a 'totally unviable' girls' grammar school. It has only one form of entry each year, is on a very restricted site with a third of its accommodation in temporary huts. No more money can be spent on it since, according to the Education Secretary, that would not be a 'wise use of resources'.

Who is interested in the boat people now?

Sue Woodman writes: Last year an enormous amount of political capital was made out of the fact that the British government clutched 10,000 Vietnamese refugees to safety out of the high seas. Last Monday, after two months in a reception centre in Hythe, Kent, one of these families arrived at their new home: a shabby four room flat, uncarpeted, unfurnished, with several smashed windows and boarded-up front door in Thamesmead — a sprawling tiered housing estate on the outer reaches of London's concrete wilderness. The welfare worker from the British Council for Aid to Refugees described the reaction of the family — who speak no English — as dazed. Another explained that the flat had been 'vandalised', saying it was fine when checked two weeks ago. But Robert Hood, the director of BCAR's Indo-Chinese section, admitted this was not the first time refugees had been moved to conditions like this.

BCAR, which is backed by several charitable organisations, is responsible for the families' initial reception, resettling and rehousing. Last year they received £4½ million from the Home Office. On average, the refugees spend three and a half months at a reception centre, where they are taught English and 'orientation' before being moved out to local authority housing. In theory 'support groups' and English lessons should continue after they leave. In reality, the families are quickly left to fend for themselves.

Hood claims that conditions are particularly bad in London where local housing authorities — including the Greater London Council, who early on volunteered some 400 homes to refugees — are providing bad housing in hard to let areas. The GLC — the landlords of the family who moved to Thamesmead this week — deny this, saying that their allocation is purposely spread over a wide area to prevent the creation of ghettos. Hood also claims that a shortage of specialised English teachers is another major problem, which is likely to get worse with cuts in government spending.

Marching band myths

Judith Cook writes: Ashfield District Council has now published its report on what has become known as the Hollinwell Incident — the collapse of more than 300 children at a marching bands festival in Nottinghamshire on 13 July. It concludes that there was no evidence of toxic chemical poisoning and collapse was caused by hysteria. Apparently supporting the council's claims that no trace of any substance was found on the field, the report says 'the Health and Safety Executive could find no traces of organchloro, organophosphorus or trazine compounds'. However, the report also says the the Public Analyst found 'traces of dieldrin and Malathion plus aromatic hydro-carbons.' Malathion *is* an organophosphorus compound — though the report does not point this out. The amounts found were well below the danger level but this is not surprising as such substances oxidise very quickly. Malathion in fact oxidises very quickly indeed, faster than most other OP mixes.

The report stresses that no traces of OP mixes were found in the blood during any of the medical tests on the victims. But there is no mention of the critical cholinesterase level test having been carried out. When I tried to find out if these tests had been carried out, Dr M. Lewis of the Area Health Authority said they had, while the Secretary for the Authority said they had no facilities for such tests. At the end of the medical section of the report it says that some 'clinicians dealing with patients consider a proportion showed evidence of toxic inhalation or ingestion.' This point is not elaborated on.

A good deal of space is devoted to the theory that marching bands have a history of hysteria. One such incident concerning a Valley League Band from South Wales actually checked out somewhat differently. During the very cold winter of 1979, 35 children had been taking part in a festival. Afterwards they climbed into their coach, shut the doors and windows and cooked food on a bottle gas stove. Shortly afterwards many complained of nausea, dizziness and faintness. It was found that there was a faulty connection to the gas cylinder and the children had been affected by leaking gas.

Ruth Lister

Dismantling National Insurance

THE GOVERNMENT'S PROPOSALS to transfer part of the responsibility for sick pay to employers[1] could mark the first step in a more fundamental disengagement by the State from its responsibility for income maintenance and represent a further attack on the national insurance scheme. The proposals have run into opposition from virtually all interest groups, including employers and trades unions.

The government proposes that national insurance sickness benefit should be replaced for the first eight weeks of sickness by an employer's statutory sick pay scheme (ESSP), after which those still sick would transfer back to national insurance sickness benefit. Under the new scheme sick pay would be paid at a standard flat rate of £30, subject to tax and national insurance deductions; the very low paid would be limited to 75 per cent of normal earnings. Employers, who would face an increase in their wage bill, would be compensated by a cut — probably of half a percentage point — in their national insurance contribution. The government are not proposing a cut in the employee's contribution, even though many people would receive less sick pay. Ominously the Green Paper on the proposal hints at possible subsequent changes in the industrial injuries and maternity benefit schemes as well.

The aim of the scheme is to cut 5,000 civil service jobs and to make it easier to tax sickness benefit. It is justified by the government's 'belief that the State should, wherever possible, disengage itself from activities which firms and individuals can perform perfectly well themselves.' The government claims that as a result of the development of occupational sick pay schemes 'for many people national insurance is no longer a major element in their income during short-term sickness.'

However, evidence from the National Chamber of Trade and the Child Poverty Action Group (published today)[2] shows that there is still a significant minority of workers who are not eligible for sick pay from their employers and an even larger minority who are not eligible for the first full eight weeks. By and large these are the lower paid and less skilled workers for whom national insurance is still a major element in their income during short-term sickness.

The ESSP scheme will mean a loss of income for these workers, especially as its introduction will coincide with the abolition of the earnings related supplement — which applies to unemployment pay and sick pay. For example, a two child family earning £75 a week would be £13.67 a week worse off after two weeks' sickness than at present; even if they claimed supplementary benefit they would be £7.62 a week worse off. Leaving aside the abolition of the earnings related supplement the £30 proposal represents an increase on the present flat rate sickness benefit for a single person but a cut for workers with adult or child dependants. Although the government's Green Paper mentions the possibility of an extra premium after two weeks for those with children, it also makes it clear that the government is opposed to this idea.

Employers, and small employers in particular, are concerned about ESSP because of the administrative burdens it will impose on them. From the employee's point of view these may lead to a less efficient system of income support. For example, sick pay after eight weeks of illness will depend on the government successfully taking over responsibility for payment again. There is also a real danger that some workers could be denied their rights. In 1978 10,624 wages council firms — a third of those officially inspected — were found to be paying below the legal minimum wage and W. W. Daniels' recent study of maternity pay found that many women in smaller firms had not received the maternity pay to which they were entitled.

The ESSP scheme is likely to place a greater financial and administrative burden on industries with higher than average sickness rates. This could discourage employers from taking on workers in poor health, further reducing the employment prospects of a group particularly vulnerable to long-term unemployment. There is also a danger that some employers could use the recent reductions in the protection given to workers against unfair dismissal to rid themselves of unhealthy employees.

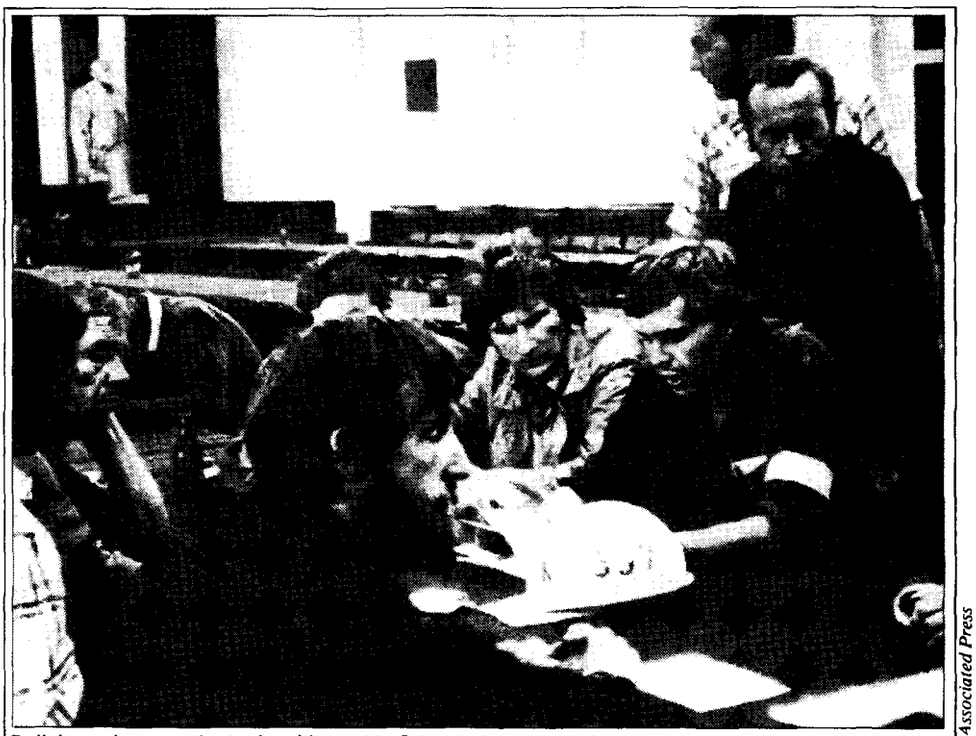
[1] *Income During Initial Sickness: A New Strategy*
[2] *No Way to Treat the Sick*, 60p from 1 Macklin St., WC2.

If you wish to keep your
NEW STATESMAN
in good condition you should use a binder.
It holds a half-year's copies and costs only
£3.50 (£6.50 for two).
Please send remittance to:
NEW STATESMAN
10 Great Turnstile
London WC1V 7HJ

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The revolt against 'Red Capitalism'

As we go to press it is not clear what success, if any, the Polish workers will have in extracting the political and economic reforms they are demanding from the Polish state. The odds against them are, of course, considerable. However it is already clear that this is the most significant challenge yet made by the Polish working class to the supremacy of the state and the communist party. As this report from a special correspondent shows, the economic hardships which fuel the political struggle are not capable of speedy solution and there are many contradictory and confusing features in the opposition movement. Nonetheless, those who would like to see a socialist and democratic Poland will clearly support the workers movement which poses as much of a threat to the capitalists of the west as to those of the east. It is, therefore, profoundly depressing, if predictable, that many of the leaders of Britain's trades unions should have, as Patrick Wintour shows, such an ambiguous attitude to the workers' movement.



Associated Press

Polish workers confer in the shipyard in Gdansk. Lenin far left.

THE EVENTS OF THE LAST FEW days in Poland have shown that the current wave of strikes and occupations are the result of more than simply meat price rises. Although the Polish working class has consistently shown itself to be the most volatile in Eastern Europe, it is not easy to understand how the daring and fundamental political demands of the workers in the Lenin shipyard can command such widespread support without understanding the severe material conditions which Poles have endured for so long.

A major financial discipline on the country and its economy is the massive $18 billion of hard-currency foreign debt which Poland has to service and repay. Much of this debt was built up during the years of rapid industrialisation when Poland bought a lot of heavy industrial capital. It relied heavily on borrowed money partly because social and political pressures made it impossible for the government to finance this programme by cutting domestic consumption. It was able to raise the money partly because western bankers were impressed with the strength of the Polish economy and its rich deposits of coal.

Unfortunately these capital programmes are not generating the money to service the debts with which they were built. Steel, for example, is in decline and much of the output is anyway sold to the Soviet Union for soft-currency roubles. Other projects — such as the Bydgoszcz chemical plant — have not been working properly for sometime because of inefficiency and mismanagement. To service the debt Poland exports everything it can, paring internal consumption as finely as possible. Hard currency imports are limited as far as they can be to essential items such as large scale capital.

In addition there has been a cycle of crop failures in recent years so that agricultural yields are low and the outlook for the home consumption of food is poor. Whatever the outcome of the current struggle, nothing can eliminate the food shortage by the end of this year.

Exporting everything from coal to ham (including prefabricated pine furniture to Scandinavia, where it is assembled and re-exported with Scandinavian stamps on it) leaves the home market vastly under-supplied, causing shortages of everything at one time or another. The need for hard currency explains (partially) the rampant black market economy, which if not sanctioned is tolerated by the government. The current official exchange rate hovers around 30 Polish zloties to 1 US dollar, but the black market rate is four times that, and anyone is prepared to change money unofficially. Luxury goods (and even essential items in scarce supply) are available, or more easily so, for hard currency. To buy a Polski Fiat for 200,000 zloties means waiting for 4 years, but you can have one next year for 2,000 dollars.

The range of scarce items covers everything at one time or another, and because of the inadequacies of the central distribution system, it's impossible to forecast what is going to be scarce next week. Milk, butter, coffee, fresh fruit, tea, washing powder, razor blades, among many other goods, have been unavailable during last year in the town in which I live. At the moment in one large city there is no flour, salt, or sugar — this last is in any case rationed. Consumer goods are generally more easily available; Poland does produce its own radios, TVs, fridges, but good quality paint and cameras are among the items which Poles have complained are unavailable this last year, firmly convinced that they have disappeared the way in which many such goods go, via Moscow for the Olympics. Poles do not accept shoddy unattractive clothes, and pay the equivalent of a month's salary for shoes or other relatively minor items. But what is becoming intolerable at the moment is the chronic shortage of virtually every sort of food.

POLAND HAS BEEN enduring a month and more of continuous rainfall recently. As it is a flat country with very poor natural drainage, this will have serious consequences for next winter's food supply, and it is this factor which largely provoked the industrial action of the working class. The last serious street rioting was in Radom in 1974, but the present strikes were preceded last November by similar ones in the Baltic shipyards when the demand was for a greater availability of goods to spend surplus income on. Now political demands for greater representation have joined the economic demands.

In provincial cities and towns, unlike the showcase Warsaw, which the average tourist and businessman takes as 'Poland', basic food items often cannot be found. The biggest complaint is over the lack of meat, with queues often hours long, even in 'commercial' shops. These are a neat way of disguising inflation, since they sell meat at double the price of ordinary shops, except that meat is usually only obtainable in commercial shops. The flooding of crop-fields will produce a disastrous harvest, in turn reducing herd sizes, creating worse meat shortages in the future.

A foreigner could feel that Poles are obsessed by meat-eating. Polish hospitality does demand more meat than traditional British custom, but it is not an obsession. It simply is the fact that other sources of protein or culinary interest are missing, and a vegetarian would have a difficult time. I bought meat four times last year, those occasions more by chance than anything, as meat-queues are simply not worth joining. Apart from that, the diet consists of eggs, tasteless cheeses, and visiting restaurants, which have a meat-quota if they

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are category 1. Meatless days, when none is on sale anywhere except in category 1 restaurants, exist in every city, one day a week. Before it doubled in July, good quality meat could be bought at commercial prices of around 120 zloties a kilo. It now costs around 250, which is a large slice of an average monthly wage of 5000 zloties. The monthly average wage converts to roughly £70, but prices in general are roughly the same as in Britain and a kilo of meat is almost £4. Anomalies exist — good boots *do* cost a month's wages, and the Polski Fiat would mean saving *all* of the month's wages for nearly four years.

Before 1 July, meat was just extremely difficult to buy; now it is almost impossible. But it is not just meat that causes the problems. Food supermarkets regularly close for temporary 'repair', a euphemism which fools no-one since it was clear that the shop was running out of items for some time. The flooding will affect winter vegetables, which last year were scarce and of poor quality. Fresh fruit is rare — oranges and bananas appearing infrequently at holiday times. In November last year when I managed to buy some lemons people stopped me and asked where I'd found them. It's a dismal experience to go into a supermarket anywhere in Poland and see only the same bleak display of vodkas, bread, pastas, soda water, eggs, cheese, and varieties of grey unappetising tinned fish and meat.

AMONG POLES I know there is a general malaise which underlies the current strikes. A middle-aged woman I met — a socialist — described the situation in Poland as 'Red Capitalism'. She voiced the general view that to survive it is necessary to develop 'connections', whether it be moonlighting or the bartering of services and goods. The former is common practice. I have been told of academics and other professionals paying their way into waitering jobs in a large hotel in Warsaw in the evenings, simply because they can make considerable sums of hard currency in tips. A Western diplomat told me of the experience of tenants occupying new flats only to discover that they have a variety of faults, with cards next to the particular fault offering repair services. I know of a student whose wealthy parents had been saving to buy her a flat, finally paying the last instalment, only to be told that another 20,000 zloties would be needed to 'finish it off'.

Most people in my experience regard such practices with a jaundiced acceptance. Part of the price of this has been Poland's deteriorating economic performance as workers' loyalty to their job and their employer disappears. It has also meant that socialist alternatives to Soviet domination have been without structure in Poland and that the reaction to Soviet communism has been generally but quietly voiced, breaking out infrequently into strikes and riots. Town dwellers feel little solidarity with those in the country: when I have travelled through rural areas and commented on the bleakness of the villages, accompanying middle-class Poles have dismissively told me not to worry about the peasants, since they have their own profit-making schemes and at least get fresh produce.

The complexities and contradictions of opposition have been much in evidence in the recent strikes, with demands for economic and political reforms being made along-side pictures of the Polish Pope. Indeed, the Church itself has occupied a complex role in Polish society — willingly colonised by the state because it preserved its authority, the Church has nonetheless been a focus for much opposition. This has been helped by the strong ties of family in Poland and has been achieved despite the extreme conservatism of many bishops.

The possible implications of this lack of structure in the opposition to the outcome of the current struggle are clear. The views of both the strikers and the government must be dominated by the threat of Russian intervention: it is a question of whether the despair of the average industrial worker outweighs the fear of severe reprisal.

The TUC and Poland

Patrick Wintour adds: The workers' strikes in Poland have completely transformed the importance of the TUC's five day trip to Poland set for immediately after the TUC Congress in September. Though the TUC's Polish delegation was always a high-level one, consisting of David Basnett, Moss Evans, Ken Gill, David Lea and the head of the economic department Bill Callaghan, they were going as representatives of the TUC economic committee and were planning to discuss trade issues such as cheap Polish imports. The trip was arranged in April. As the delegation will be visiting the northern strike area and is, apparently, intent on talking to shop floor committees, it may be hard for it to avoid political issues. However Evans and Basnett were two of the people who helped to defeat a move by Frank Chapple, the electricians leader, and Tom Jackson, the postal workers leader, at a recent meeting of the TUC General Purposes Committee to get the TUC to produce a statement at Congress in support of the workers' movement in Poland. One union leader even went so far as to justify his opposition by saying that no-one would want to see a right-wing Catholic agrarian society in Poland. Having lost this argument Chapple now wants the visit next month called off.

Mr Chapple has frequently said that the TUC has one rule for fascist dictatorships and another for communist regimes. He was especially incensed last winter by the TUC's refusal to act over Charter 77 and VONS, other than by asking for the views of official Czech trade unions. The TUC's argument had been that 'trade union issues had not been involved in the allegations' and that any other representations would be 'inappropriate'.

Since the arrival this year of Michael Walsh (from the Foreign Office) as the new head of the International Department the TUC has been attempting to define the human rights cases in which they believe they can legitimately intervene. In a paper written in March, ranging over 20 years of undistinguised TUC foreign policy, Mr Walsh aimed to trace a consistent TUC policy on human rights. At one point the paper seems to distinguish between civil and political rights on the one hand and economic and employment rights on the other, but in the end has to admit that without civil rights such as freedom of association and speech there can be no real trade union rights. Walsh went on: 'The TUC has no illusions about the involvement of national trade union centres in Eastern Europe in the apparatus of the communist parties of the countries and of their governments, and about their subordinate rule. But they operate in a different political and economic environment from that in Western countries and it would be unrealistic to expect that environment to change rapidly'. The paper advocated contacts being continued and 'developed'. In the past the TUC has taken the view that 'cases of workers should be taken up by the General Council informally and without publicity with appropriate Eastern European national trade union centres and that such approaches were more likely to help the individuals concerned than would open and official representations. Such approaches have been made to the Russian and other national union centres in Eastern Europe with some positive response.'

Len Murray has said that any union can table an emergency motion about Poland at Congress and Chapple may well decide to do this. Most British unions have no official policy 'as yet' on the Polish strikes. The NUM for instance have no comment to make, though Laurence Daly supported Chapple's move on the General Purposes Committee. But there is ample evidence of the high mortality rate in Polish mines which KOR, a dissent group, attributes directly to poor security and forced excessive hours.

Prayers and courage at Korea's show trial

Donald Kirk writes from Seoul: The wife of the Reverend Im Ki Yun got the call at two in the morning. 'The authorities' — the caller was not otherwise identified — told her that her husband was seriously ill at the military hospital in Pusan. He had been under interrogation for two days. When she got to the hospital, he was unconscious, covered by a blanket and under the watch of a guard, who refused to let her pull back the blanket to look at the body even though she was a registered nurse. Later he was transferred to Pusan University Hospital, where he died within a week without ever regaining consciousness.

Since expanding martial law to cover the whole of South Korea after nearly a week of student riots in May, 'the authorities' have questioned thousands of dissidents, critics, friends and relatives. According to foreign missionaries with long-standing connections throughout the country, they employ all the familiar tactics: kicking their victims with clubs, hanging them upside down and letting water drip through their mouths and noses, keeping them up for long periods of time or putting them in totally darkened rooms and then flashing bright lights, chaining and stripping them and otherwise inflicting as much humiliation and pain as is deemed necessary to extract cooperation.

The Rev Im's offence, so far as anyone can tell, was that he knew Kim Dae Jung, the Korean opposition politician now at the centre of the greatest show trial in the peninsula since the Korean war. The wife of Kim Dae Jung stayed at the Reverend Im's house during monthly trips to visit her husband when he was imprisoned for two years after signing a statement in March 1976 calling on President Park Chung Hee to restore democratic rights to the land. The Rev Im's arrest was intended as a warning to anyone who might be foolish enough to display sympathy for Kim or the 23 others on trial with him.

South Koreans are taking the hint. The military regime of General Chun Doo Hwan — about to get himself elected as President by an unwieldly but totally sycophantic 2500-member Conference for National Unification — is, if anything, tougher than that of Park. Victims of the worst forms of treatment tend to be students and journalists, hundreds of whom have lost their jobs in a purge of the nation's heavily censored press. In the case of Kim Dae Jung, the interrogators spared his body but humiliated him by ordering him to strip naked and then stand or sit through endless hours of questioning.

In an environment in which almost no one wants to talk about politics, the relatives of the accused displayed remarkable courage. Almost all of them boycotted the trial, despite the claims by a spokesman for the Martial Law Command that all but Kim Dae Jung's wife had attended. The wife of the Rev Moon Ik Hwan held prayer sessions at her home with other wives. 'The Korean people cannot speak,' she told me, 'but if they were free, they would shout that General Chun is a bad man.' Above her as she spoke was a large photograph of her husband reaching to embrace her after his release from prison in December. Both he and Kim were freed six weeks after Park's assassination but were arrested again in mid-May at the height of student riots which they are accused of having financed and organised. 'My country is now in a period of darkness,' she said. 'We hope there will be some light. We pray to God for that.'

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IMMIGRATION
David Holmes

Documentary evidence is less important than the demeanour of witnesses

Anwar Ditta's battle for her children

THE LONG-AWAITED RESULT of Anwar Ditta's appeal to an immigration adjudicator (see *NS* 9 May) is now know. Her three eldest children must remain in Pakistan in the care of their infirm grandmother, and may not travel to this country to join their parents and younger sister in their Rochdale home.

Since October 1977, Mrs Ditta, a British-born woman of Pakistani extraction, has been trying to bring her children — Kamran, 9, Imran, 8, and Saima, 7 — to Britain, but has been refused by the Home Office because they are not satisfied they are actually her children.

The Home Office has produced no evidence to the contrary, but under the 1971 Immigration Act, the onus is upon Mrs Ditta to prove that she and her husband, Shuja Ud-Din, are the children's true parents. Mrs Ditta has produced birth certificates, photographs, evidence from a gynaecologist, and even offered to submit blood samples, but the Home Office has preferred to rest its case on the unreliability of witnesses who have given evidence on her behalf.

Mrs Ditta's story is long and involved, and the Home Office seems to be using her hazy history to cloud the only relevant issue: namely, whether or not she is the natural mother of the children.

She was born in Birmingham in 1953, and sent to Pakistan by her father in 1963, when her parents' marriage broke down. There she met her husband, whom she married when aged 14½. As marriage at such an early age is illegal in Pakistan, she lied about her true age, and the marriage certificate showed her to be 22 years old. The marriage was strongly opposed by her grandparents — with whom she was then living — and they spread rumours that that she was already married, by arrangement, to a certain Talab. Wishing to quell these rumours, her husband arranged a formal divorce from 'Talab' to clear the air. While in Pakistan, Anwar gave birth to Kamran, Imran and Saima.

Her husband left Pakistan late in 1973, to look for work in Europe. He could find none, and on his way back to Pakistan he obtained temporary admission to the UK, as a visitor. While here temporarily, he found a job, and stayed to work under a false name, believing he would not be allowed to stay if his true circumstances were known. He now freely admits to this deception.

In 1975, Anwar joined him in Rochdale, and he was later given permission to stay in the country as the husband of a British citizen. Believing their irregular marriage in Pakistan might not be recognised by British authorities, the couple went through the formality of remarrying in a British registry office. They then set about establishing a home for their family, and applied for permission to bring over the three children. Their youngest child, Samaira, was born in April 1976.

Permission was originally refused by an immigration official in Islamabad in May 1979. The appeal against this decision was heard in Manchester on 28 April, and the verdict given by Mr C. P. Rushton, Adjudicator, on 30 July. A file of documentary evidence was presented to Mr Rushton at the hearing. This included family photographs, birth certificates, receipts for money sent to the children, and a letter from the Inland Revenue granting Mr Ud-Din tax allowances for the children in Pakistan (curiously, this allowance was withdrawn the week before the hearing).

From left to right: Imran, Saima and Kamran

In his verdict, however, Mr Rushton dismissed the documentary evidence as 'relating mostly to peripheral matters' and based his decision on the lack of credibility shown by witnesses.

These witnesses included Anwar Ditta's sister, brother-in-law, and other relatives and friends of the couple, as well as Anwar Ditta and Shuja Ud-Din themselves. They spoke of events ranging in time from 1962 to the present, both in Pakistan and Britain. Not surprisingly, many of their personal accounts were confused and incomplete. Some of them also revealed complicity in the 'deceptions' described above. Mr Rushton's reasoning for his decision was based on the lack of credibility deriving from the 'lies and deceptions' revealed in the personal accounts, although he acknowledged that Mrs Ditta and her husband now admitted to all past deceptions. He described documents pointing to the parental relationship between Mrs Ditta, her husband and the children as 'too few in number to outweigh the deficiencies in the oral evidence', although in a rather careless sentence he referred to them as 'the parents of the appellants'.

Mr Rushton justified his reliance on oral evidence by adopting the following definition of the purpose of the proceedings: 'the object and purpose of an oral hearing' was 'to enable the Adjudicator to have the benefit of hearing evidence given personally and from his impression of the witnesses and their demeanor to judge their credibility'. He is enabled to do this by the 1972 Immigration Appeals (Procedure) Rules which stipulate that 'the appellate authority shall conduct the proceedings in such manner as it considers appropriate'.

Mrs Ditta is now applying for leave to appeal to an Immigration Tribunal. In the meantime, she and her husband must continue to work night and day to support the children in Pakistan. Her husband works seven days a week as a welder, and Anwar herself, as well as campaigning relentlessly through the Anwar Ditta Defence Committee* — an ad hoc body supported by the local community and interested political groups — spends her spare time sewing pillow cases for the National Health Service for the mighty sum of £1 per hundred.

*The Anwar Ditta Defence Committee is now appealing for money to continue the legal fight. Donations should be sent c/o 127 Crawford Street, Rochdale, Lancs.

'Disgraceful matters' in the RUC

Mary Holland writes: Last week Thomas Charles McCormick, a detective in the Royal Ulster Constabulary, was charged with the murder of Sergeant Joseph Campbell, a fellow member of the police force and one of its very few Catholics. This is the second charge of murder to be made against a policeman in Ulster this year. In June William McCaughey was sentenced to life imprisonment for the killing of a Catholic grocer in the village of Ahoghill, Co. Antrim. The high regard in which at least some of his fellow Protestants hold Mr McCaughey was demonstrated on August 12th when the Cullybackey, Co. Antrim branch of the Apprentice Boys of Derry took part in their organisation's annual parade through the streets of Londonderry under a banner presented to them by the convicted murderer. The march, in which the Rev Ian Paisley also took part, included a ceremony in the city's venerable Church of Ireland cathedral. It was followed by the worst rioting the Catholic Bogside has experienced in many years, which local observers believe was provoked by the public display of Mr McCaughey's banner in the Apprentice Boys' march.

The unwelcome publicity resulting from these events prompted the new Chief Constable of the Royal Ulster Constabulary, Jack Hermon, to make a strong public statement promising that there would be 'no hiding place' in the force for those who break the law. Some politicians, even Catholics, are prepared to concede that the fact that policemen have actually been charged and convicted of crimes represents a considerable advance on previous years, when successive official Commissions of Inquiry found cause for serious concern in the behaviour of Ulster's police force and no member of it was brought to justice. However it is going to take a great deal more than strong public statements to win back the confidence of those who live in the Catholic ghetto areas of Northern Ireland in the RUC. The events of last week have not helped that process.

This is one of the crucial problems which faces Mr Humphrey Atkins as he attempts to achieve progress on the security and political fronts. As far as security is concerned he remains committed to the Labour government's policy of Ulsterisation, i.e playing down the army's role and giving the main responsibility for law and order to the local police. Politically, the Secretary of State is wasting no opportunity to spell out the government's continued determination to introduce legislation as soon as possible for some kind of devolved assembly in Belfast, to be followed by elections next year. His tone is getting tougher and there are signs that the local politicians are taking notice. Unfortunately for the Secretary of State and for Northern Ireland the future of any plans he may have for the province does not depend entirely on convincing the local politicians that they should do business. At least as important is the mood on the ground, and this has not been improved by either the recent violence or the publicity surrounding what the Chief Constable described as 'certain disgraceful matters involving former members of the RUC.'

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wouldn't hurt a mouse

US authorities claim Agent Orange does not cause birth deformities in offspring of male war veterans, citing tests carried out on mice. Vietnamese doctors, who have been piecing together tragic evidence, disagree. Photographer MIKE GOLDWATER has just returned from visiting them in Hanoi. He reports here with ANTHONY BARNETT.

IN A MODESTLY EQUIPPED HOSPITAL, short of drugs, Le Hu Thin strove to end a difficult confinement. She wanted a son. But it was immediately evident that her baby was deformed — almost beyond recognition as a human infant. It was a boy, but he had anencephalia: he was without a brain.

He lived for 28 hours, from 20 September 1979 until the next day when his body was preserved in formaldehyde for medical history. After two miscarriages, he had been his parents' first child. In poor, predominantly rural countries, there are many miscarriages, and a greater number of seriously defective babies than in the West. But this baby's deformity was more than usually severe.

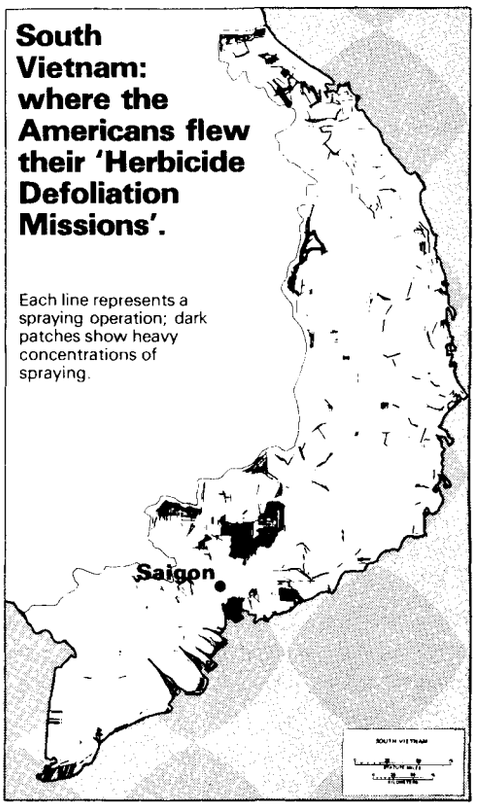
His father, Nguyen Van Oans, had been a driver on the Ho Chi Minh trail, hundreds of miles to the south of the family's home. In order to deprive the drivers of cover, the United States defoliated the area of the trials with Agent Orange, the colloquial name for the herbicide 245-T which has as its contaminant dioxin. To this day, the manufacturers, Dow Chemicals, claim that it poses no risk to users. But there is little doubt that it harms those on whom it is used. Dioxin is known to be a teratogen, to cause birth deformities (see New Statesman, 6 June 1980).

Le Hu Thin has never been to the South; nor did she have contact with any chemical products before or during her pregnancy. Her husband, Oans, was sprayed three times with Agent Orange.

In a way, they are lucky that their child is dead. Quyen is four. She has microcephalia, which means that her brain is smaller than a monkey's. She cries, is hyperactive, then sleeps briefly, then cries again — in quick rotation, day and night. Her mother, Phung Thi Ngo, 25, has always lived in her northern village, and in a careful survey medical researchers found no history of birth defects in the entire 'greater family' of more than 100 people. Quyen's father, Nguyen Van Quach, 35, fought in the South and was sprayed many times. Doctors confirm that his sperm is abnormal. Asked if any of his friends from the army also had deformed children he replied that of the 92 men in his basic unit, he was the only survivor. However, he had a friend from another unit who had survived. This man had been sprayed on many occasions: his first child was born with anencephalia, his second with only one arm and his third with only two toes.

Phung Thi Ngo is now pregnant again and the baby is due at the end of the year. If this too is deformed, it will seem to the villagers that the family has been cursed. Those who have been mutilated by war get an allowance, but a family with only helpless young mouths is a further burden to a community which has already little enough.

The same fear dogs Pham Thi Huan, who is 24 and half way through her second pregnancy. Her first child, Bui Van Xuan, is 20 months old. He can neither speak nor stand up and he suffers from anophtalmia: he has no eyes.


South Vietnam: where the Americans flew their 'Herbicide Defoliation Missions'.
Each line represents a spraying operation; dark patches show heavy concentrations of spraying.
Saigon

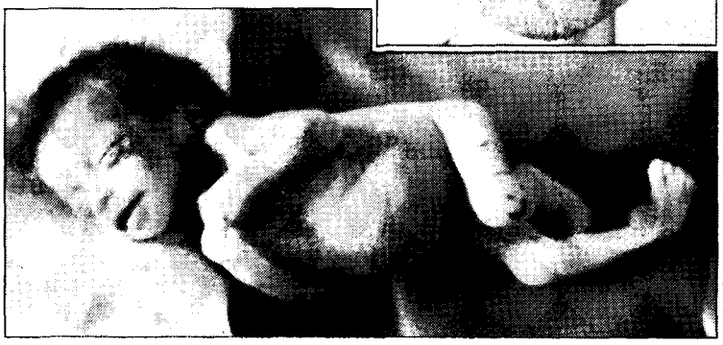
His father, Bui Van Tram, 28, is a veteran soldier from the Liberation army and was sprayed three times with Agent Orange, between 1971 and 1974.

Vu Thi Lam and her husband Dam Viet Thuoc are luckier: they have three lively and intelligent daughters, all able to work. The eldest, now 16, was born just before President Johnson ordered the full scale American intervention in Vietnam. A normal, self-

Left: Quyen, who has microcephalia, with her parents veteran soldier Nguyen Van Quach, 35 and Phung Thi Ngo, 25. Above: Le Hu Thin's son, born without a brain. Right: blind sisters Hien and Lien.

Mike Goldwater

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Left: Pham Thi Huan with her son Bui Van Xuan, who has no eyes. Above: child suffering chloracne on left thigh, apparently inherited from father (right) who was sprayed during the war. Below: 2-week-old Pham Xuan Lo, whose mother died giving birth prematurely, has deformed hands and a twisted foot, and is not expected to survive. His father, too, was sprayed with Agent Orange.

Mike Goldwater

conscious teenager, she refused to be photographed. Her young sisters, Lien, eight, and Hien, six, did not object to such attention. They were born after Dam Viet Thuoc went South and was sprayed, and neither has lenses in her eyes. But they have each other, and blindness has improved their linguistic memories. With special attention, they will still be able to make something of their lives.

Nobody has any idea how many other children suffer equivalent defects throughout Vietnam. Nor does anybody know how many generations will be affected. Where chromosome damage in a parent leads to deformity in a child, will that child carry the same reproducing wound? If a man with sperm that is, say, 40 per cent damaged is fortunate to sire a healthy child, will the child unwittingly carry genetic damage into the next generation?

Chloracne, which is a severe skin eruption, is one of the more immediate and 'less serious manifestations of dioxin exposure', according to an American research team. There was an outbreak of chloracne among the people of Seveso in north Italy, when a chemical plant exploded in 1976, releasing a cloud of dioxin. In Vietnam, a man who suffered from severe chloracne after being sprayed on the Ho Chi Minh trial and in Laos, still has serious attacks of it today. His two young sons, born since the war, also suffer from it — as well as having heart defects. 'I don't understand why the child also has chloracne', comments Hanoi Professor Ton Duc Lang. 'We have never seen this before.'

OF THE 17 MILLION GALLONS of herbicide dropped on Vietnam, (which poisoned ten per cent of its main forests, more than a third of its mangrove forests and three per cent of its cultivated land) more than 11 million gallons were Agent Orange. It is not yet understood just how it has affected the food chain of field, fish and animals.

Vietnam has neither the medical nor the statistical services to cope with the consequences, or even adequately to measure them. In Hanoi, a group of able and distinguished doctors, led by Professors Lang, Tung, Van and Tuyen, are busy conducting investigations. They found the children described here (and many, many more) and arranged for them to be photographed. But Hanoi was far removed from the sprayed regions and to the South, unfortunately, no equivalent work is being done. In central Vietnam, where the country narrows and the trails and mountains meet the sea, there are villages below the slopes which draw on the waters of poisoned ranges. To the north-west of Saigon, the Tay Ninh region was repeatedly sprayed: in the main hospital there, *one quarter* of all births are miscarriages. Seven thousand American GIs who came into contact with Agent Orange are suing for massive sums. By contrast, the Vietnamese are asking not for compensation, but only for help to investigate the damage done.

In April this year, a delegation of six went to the White House in Washington with a petition which requested the US government to recognise Hanoi and acknowledge the need for humanitarian assistance to be sent there. They met Roger Sullivan of the US National Security Council, who has this to say: 'To put it in terms of a Chinese dialectic, United States policy is exactly to squeeze Vietnam as hard as we can, to force Vietnam to rely on the Soviet Union: then Vietnam will find the Soviet Union cannot meet all its needs . . . If Vietnam suffers economic hardships, I think that is just great.'

• *A recent study by the US National Toxicology Programme is being presented as proof that Agent Orange does not cause reproductive problems in males. One hundred male mice were exposed to varying levels of 245-T, 24-D and dioxin (the components of Agent Orange). After 20 weeks, they were found to have lost weight and suffered changes in their thymus glands and livers which were 'primarily related' to dioxin, but otherwise they remained healthy. When mated after eight weeks, they did not differ from the control group in numbers of impregnations, still births, birth defects, or ratios of male to female offspring.*

British expert on dioxin, Dr Alistair Hay of Leeds University, says these findings cannot be discounted, but points out that people in Vietnam may have been exposed to different concentrations of Agent Orange, and over longer periods of time. The defoliant is thought to have contained higher levels of dioxin earlier in the war than it did later on. And in any case, it is not certain that humans react to Agent Orange in the same way as mice.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cruise: the missile that does not work

ANDREW COCKBURN reports from America on the problems of the nuclear weapon on which it is planned, by some people at least, to base the proper defence of Britain.

IT MIGHT HELP many of the decision makers in military matters who make such an enthusiastic case for the Cruise missile as a cheap, reliable, and effective instrument of warfare to pay a visit to the US naval missile test range at Point Mugu on the Pacific coast of Southern California. On the base itself they will be lectured on the benefits accruing from the miraculous technology that makes the Cruise such an attractive proposition. But the most interesting sight is at the entrance gate. Standing there, painted an attractive shade of blue and mounted on a pedestal is the shell of a missile called Regulus. It was developed in the 1950s by the US Navy, it never worked very well, and it was a Cruise missile.

Cruise missiles are meant to epitomise all that is awesomely efficient in modern weapons technology. Small pilotless airplanes, powered by a jet engine, they are intended to fly to their target at low level, following the contours of the ground in quantities made possible by their amazing cheapness and explode their nuclear warhead on the target with unerring accuracy. Such is the claim. The reality, as with the Regulus, may be very different.

The earliest cruise was the German V1 buzz-bomb, of which some thousands were directed by the Luftwaffe against London in the closing years of World War II. The Luftwaffe gained control of the programme after a sharp dispute with the Wehrmacht as to whether the missile qualified as artillery, in which case it belonged to the army, or an airplane, in which case the air force could claim it. In any event the inaccuracy of the V1 made it militarily ineffective.

After the war the Americans were as interested in the technology of the V1 as the V2, and devoted enormous resources accordingly. The first of their efforts to reach production was called the Snark. During its test phase it crashed so frequently that the area of the test range became jocularly known in the missile community as 'the Snark infested waters off Point Mugu'. In his book on the arms race, *Race to Oblivion*, the eminent defence scientist and presidential adviser Dr Herbert York has this to say on the subject:

> We realised several years before Snark became operational that it would become obsolete by the time it was finally deployed, and repeated recommendations to that effect were made. However, in this case as in so many others, the momentum of the project and the politics that surrounded it made it impossible to do so.

At the same time as Snark, a scaled-down version called Matador was also developed. Matador had a relatively short range of 650 miles, which made it suitable for forward deployment in Germany and Japan. The German Matadors were intended to heighten the credibility of the deterrent and the American commitment to the defence of NATO. It was situated, not on heavily defended military bases, but in dispersed and remote locations that might be difficult for the Russians to target. But in the early 1960s the Americans realised that this entailed what might be a very nasty snag indeed. The problem was that although a tactical nuclear missile hidden in a wood might be hard for the Russians to find, there was no guarantee that somebody else might not stumble across it. Accordingly in 1962 the then Secretary of Defense, Robert McNamara, sent a team from the Air Force Inspector General's office over to Germany to investigate the physical security of the missiles. The team, some dozen men, flew in unannounced and proceeded late the following night to a Matador base in a forest not far from Frankfurt. Clambering unopposed through the barbed wire fence they found the officer in charge away and the sergeant on duty asleep. Accordingly they took possession of 16 nuclear missiles, each supposedly with the capability to hit the western Soviet Union, and duly informed the Pentagon. The missiles were shortly thereafter removed.

Present plans for cruise missile deployment in Europe do not apparently include much high-level concern with the physical security of the weapons, despite the fact that, like Matador, they will be dispersed around the country ready to be trundled off elsewhere when needed. The lessons of history have been forgotten, as they have been in what is supposed to be the Cruise's greatest asset, its guidance system.

THE MODERN CRUISE, just like the old Matador, is guided to its target by two means. An Inertial Navigation Set (INS) tells the missile where, generally, it is relative to where it started from, by means of gyroscopes — a system used as a basic navigational aid in most military and civil aircraft, which is perfectly reliable in indicating a plane's position to within a few miles. But a few miles is not good enough for a missile such as the Cruise, which is intended to hit military targets as opposed to cities. To make it even more accurate it carries a system known as TERCOM, or Terrain Contour Matching.

TERCOM is supposed to work in the following manner. The missile carries in its computer memory a map of the territory it is flying over. The map indicates contours. As it buzzes along, the missile measures its height relative to the ground by means of a radar altimeter. By correlating the information from the altimeter with the information in the computer map it should be able to tell where it is to within a few feet. In less sophisticated modes this concept has been around since the mid-fifties, having originally been developed by Ulrich Heidelauf, a former Luftwaffe research scientist transported to the US along with Werner Von Braun and other cerebrate war booty. In the employ of the US Air Force Heidelauf worked away on his concept of terrain correlation at the Research and Development laboratory at Wright Patterson Air Force Base in Dayton, Ohio throughout the mid-fifties. His fellow workers found him somewhat tedious on the subject, but by 1956 he had worked out a rudimentary process by which an unmanned missile could correlate an optical view of the ground below with an optical picture it actually carried with it. By the time of Matador this had given way to a radar view, which was constantly correlated with a radar picture. But that only worked at short range with contours of pleasantly sharp resolution in constant supply.

In the earlier generations of cruises the terrain correlation system was ultimately discarded as impractical, and the missiles reverted to simply relying on an INS system. Since they were not designed to fly at very low altitudes this meant they worked with reasonable efficiency, but on the other hand it also meant that the missile was only useful for delivering nuclear warheads on large targets, such as cities. Since this was a job that could be quite satisfactorily carried out by ballistic missiles, the descendants of the V2, the idea and the memory of Cruise missiles vanished from the military mind.

THE IDEA WAS reborn in the 1970s when advances in computer and small turbo jet technology, and satellite surveillance made it seem possible that a low-flying missile could deliver the accuracy of an ICBM at a fraction of the cost. The engine is extremely small, and so indeed are the necessary on-board computers. The satellites can take high-resolution photographs from 22000 miles up in space. But these wonders of technology are obviated by some fundamental problems which tend to get passed over in the rush of enthusiasm for the Cruise.

The problem lies in the fact that the satellites are taking *optical* pictures. Broken down and encoded in the computer memory, these are then correlated with the information derived from the *radar* altimeter. Thus like is compared with unlike. Try as they may to make sure that the radar will get the same picture of the ground as a photograph, there are always subtle but significant differences. For the system to work the contours, hills, dales, etc, must look exactly the same to the altimeter as in the original photogaph. But it is difficult to ensure that the relevant hill or dale has been pictured at the same angle from 22,000 miles (the altitude of a geosynchronous satellite) as from 300 feet or so.

If that obstacle can be surmounted there are still fundamental problems remaining with a device that relies on a radar signal. Quite simply the Soviet Union has a tendancy to spend part of the year covered in snow, while at other immutable seasons the leaves come out on the trees. This raises some tricky problems for the Cruise. According to the key reference book on the subject, *Skolnik's Radar Handbook*

> radar altimeters used over forests, deep snow, and deep ice can give erroneous readings. In fact aircraft have flown into the Greenland icecap while their radar altimeters were still registering their altitude (as being) just above sea level. This occurred because the 400 MegaHerz wave radiated by the altimeter penetrated the ice, and the reflection from the bottom of the ice was stronger than that from the top. Similar performance problems may occur over forests. Radar sees some sort of composite of returns from the top of trees, from the trunks of the trees, and the ground beneath.

Bad news, one might assume, for a weapon that might rely so crucially on the veracity of a radar signal to determine its precise position.

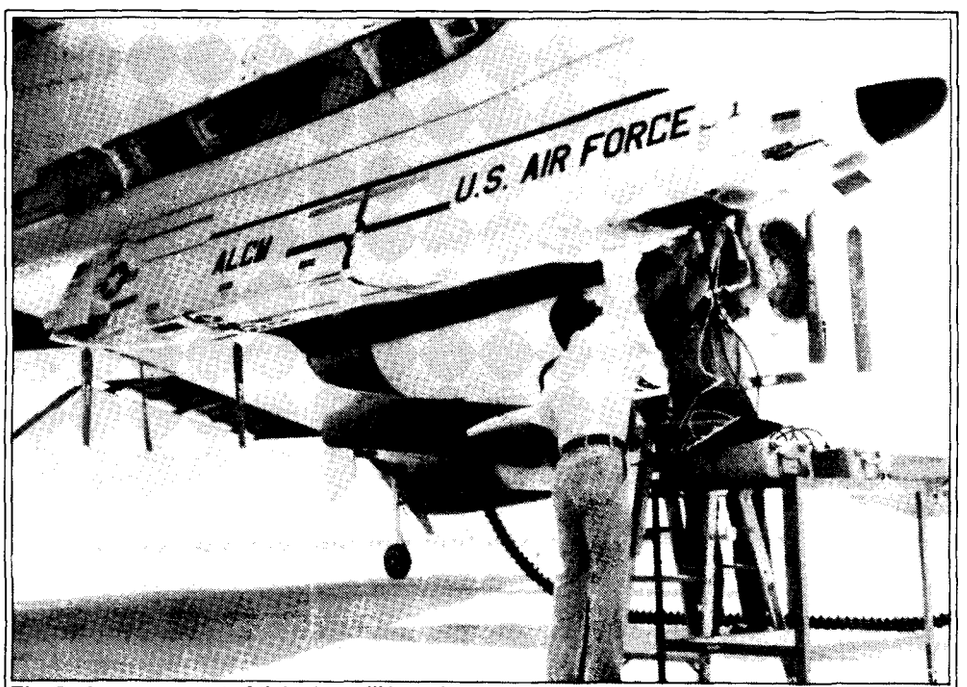
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Of course the Cruise Missile Program Office dismisses such quibbles on the grounds that the mysteries of defence high technology have obviated such unwelcome facts of physics — further details of which are, of course, classified. It is difficult, however, to see what such details might be. It might be possible to get over the snow and ice problem by radiating at a lower frequency but to do so would require a larger antenna than could possibly be accommodated on something the size of a Cruise missile.

This all makes the Cruise a rather specialised weapon in its present configuration. It cannot operate over forested areas, it must take account of annual snowfalls. Furthermore it cannot operate over a wide expanse of flat terrain, otherwise known as steppes in Russia, because then there are no prominent contours for it to correlate. Sharp contours, however, are no use either, as the sudden changes in contour confuse the poor missile to the point where it loses all sense of direction. The ideal Cruise missile country is practically bare of trees, has little or no annual snowfall, and is made up of gently rolling hills. There are some areas like this to be found, for instance in Southern California. By an interesting coincidence, this has been the test range, inland from Point Mugu, used in the development of the present day Cruise. 'One of the beauties of the Cruise,' a veteren Pentagon missile guidance systems designer explains 'is that it is a weapon made for cheating. It works really very well if the memory map is based on an extensive ground survey as well as a radar survey from a low flying aircraft. Then everything works just dandy.'

The Soviet Union takes a dim view of teams from the Defense Mapping Agency making topographical surveys of its territory, and the indications are that it will continue to do so, as will any other potential adversary. The US's only pictures of most of the Soviet Union have been taken by satellite. The inherent problems of TERCOM therefore indicate that the missile cannot be considered for use against hard military targets. Nevertheless it does have its back-up Inertial Navigation System, which should at least enable it to find and obliterate — the standard Cruise warhead is about 150 kilotons, or seven and a half Hiroshimas — such large targets as Moscow, or, for that matter, Minsk. Not, alas, so. INS works fine at high altitudes, where the air is comparatively thin. But at low altitudes any vehicle moving at even moderate speed is subjected to severe buffeting. This tends to have an adverse effect on INS, causing the missiles to drift, perhaps missing Moscow entirely.

GIVEN THIS CATALOGUE of past and future malfunctions, how has the Cruise programme achieved such outstanding success? President Carter was sufficiently persuaded of its merits to cite it as one reason for the cancellation of the B1 bomber in 1977, a fact which has earned the Cruise the undying enmity of the bomber lobby. The European allies have been persuaded that the basing of 464 of the ground launched variety (GLICM) is essential for the security of NATO. The US Air Force and Navy are developing no less than four varieties of the Cruise.



The Cruise: no amount of tinkering will keep it on course

The Cruise owes its modern renaissance to a combination of factors. The mysteries of modern advances in micro-electronics — which few politicians pretend to understand — have made it far easier for the high technology defence industry to sell ideas that might otherwise be dismissed as totally preposterous. At the same time the balance of political forces both inside and outside the US military have given the project an especially strong impetus. Admiral Locke of the US Navy who heads up the Joint Cruise Missile Office has a significant background, in that for many years he managed drone systems — small pilotless aircraft used in target practise and also for some reconnaisance applications. The early running in the modern Cruise programme was made by the Navy, under Locke's enthusiastic leadership and with the earnest assistance of the General Dynamics Corporation, whose Research and Development programme was financed by the government.

While work was forging ahead on R&D in the early seventies Dr Kissinger was engaged in the tricky business of devising a SALT Treaty that he could sell to the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Part of the price he negotiated for their acceptance of the treaty was, along with the B1 bomber and the Trident submarine, a go ahead on the Cruise. The idea won congressional approbation because it presumed that this would be a cheap weapon (less than $1 million each) which could be shared by the Navy and Air Force jointly. This was a naive hope, as, like military services everywhere, the US Navy and Air Force will never share a development programme if they can possibly help it. Therefore the Air Force insisted that the General Dynamics Tomahawk Cruise developed for the Navy could not possibly be carried on bombers, on the grounds that they would be too long for existing aircraft rotary racks. However, in the dying days of the Ford administration the Deputy Secretary of Defense, William Clements, issued a directive authorising the Air Force to go ahead with development of a long range Cruise missile of its own, too big to fit on the existing racks. It also authorised the Air Force to adapt the Naval missile for use as a ground launched variant, after a minor tussle with the army as to who should actually have the control of the system.

Today the Cruise programme, comprising the Air Launched, Ground Launched, Submarine Launched varieties is proceeding according to the traditional Pentagon rule of weapons procurement, which can be briefly stated as 'too soon to know, too late to stop.'

This means that when dealing with technology that is being invented and discovered as you go along any problems that might be foreseen can be dismissed as 'too soon to know'. After the programme has had a chance to build up a head of steam in terms of money and employment it of course becomes too late to stop. The Cruise is now a $10 billion programme, and has already been described by Anthony Battista, the powerful and knowledgeable staff director of the House Armed Services Research and Development subcommittee, as 'oversold'. In a secret government report completed this February the Air Force Test and Evaluation Center is quoted as not being

> satisfied with the adequacy of testing used to support the full production decision. It feels that the (cruise) has not been tested in a realistic operational environment.

This remark was made of the Air Launched Cruise which has the same engine and same guidance system as the ground launched missile but also the added complication of having to be told its exact position as it is being launched from an aeroplane.

As it so happened, on the most recent series of tests with the Air Launched Cruise Missile, which took place in the latter half of 1979 and the beginning of 1980, 8 out of the 20 test firings ended in crashes. As the classified report wryly remarks, 'those test flights that ended in crashed missiles are described by the Air Force as partial successes because, in most cases, usable test data was collected.'

If the loyal NATO allies, including the United Kingdom, ever wonder at the process that leads to the production and deployment of these expensive Heath Robinson devices on their territory — 4,000 are being built — they might consider the memorable words of Harold Brown, US Defence Secretary, on the occasion of a failed Cruise test (it crashed) in 1978. 'Failure in the past increases the probability of success in the future' he said, as the Pacific waters closed over the wreckage of a Tomahawk.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Foreign policy duality

Last week Ivan Himmelhoch revealed how he had worked as a BOSS agent in London while studying for his Bar exams. Subsequently he joined the South African Department of Foreign Affairs and was immediately given a highly sensitive post on the Zimbabwe desk. MARTIN BAILEY reports on Himmelhoch's experiences at Foreign Affairs and the insight which it gives into how South African foreign policy is made.

IN THE RUN UP to the Lancaster House agreement last winter the South African government made highly secret arrangements to set up a series of emergency reception centres to cope with a mass exodus of white Rhodesians into South Africa. Several large farms in the northern Transvaal were designated emergency reception centres where food, medical supplies and water were stored. All this was a well kept secret and publicly the government continued to urge white Rhodesians to stay behind. The South African authorities' fear was that if details of these emergency arrangements leaked out, this itself would spark off a panic rush. As far as is known these emergency reception centres are still in existence today.

This duality runs throughout South Africa's attitude to Zimbabwe. Last autumn when the Lancaster House talks had only just begun and when white Rhodesians were still fighting to preserve 'their' country, Operation Geraldine was devised: a highly secret exercise to remove Ian Smith's personal archives from Rhodesia to the safety of South Africa. The plan was instigated by Smith himself, at the time reassuring the white minority that he would never abandon his Rhodesian farm, organised by Rhodesia'a representative in Pretoria and assisted by the South African Department of Foreign Affairs. The archives were secretly flown out of Rhodesia in an unmarked C47 transport plane, cleared by South African customs at Waterkloof air base and then taken to the library at Rhodes University, where only two officials were informed — the Principal and Chief Librarian — and a strict thirty year embargo placed on the papers.

The birth of Zimbabwe has posed a whole series of problems for South Africa. The Department of Foreign Affairs desperately wanted Muzorewa to win the elections and considerable support was channelled to his party, mainly from private business, with the finance minister Bulle playing a key role in obtaining funds. However as the election approached, the Zimbabwe Desk at Foreign Affairs became increasingly convinced that Mugabe would emerge the winner. But the Information Department continued to suggest that the Patriotic Front had little support and would only do well if there was widespread intimidation. The South African public was thus totally unprepared for the PF landslide victory at the polls — for which Foreign Affairs was unfairly blamed. Nevertheless, during the election campaign the Psychological Action Committee, a body set up by the State Security Council, decided that the public must be 'prepared' for the possibility of invading Rhodesia to preserve law and order. The idea was dropped following Mugabe's landslide victory and his emphasis on conciliation.

Today the main concern of the South African government is that the PF coalition may break up. The Department of Foreign Affairs would prefer Mugabe to be the victor because they believe he would prove a more independent leader than the 'Soviet-backed' Nkomo.

Namibia remains the other tough diplomatic problem on South Africa's doorstep. The protracted negotiations between the Department of Foreign Affairs and the Western Contact Group still continue. But within the South African government it is widely acknowledged that the negotiation exercise is basically to buy more time.

Recent intelligence reports from inside Namibia have been a warning to the South African authorities that its long-term prospects of retaining control over the disputed territory are fast diminishing. A detailed study prepared by BOSS (the National Intelligence Service) in April predicts that in a democratic election SWAPO would probably win as much as 83 per cent of the vote. This will not come as a surprise to many outside observers. But it is now accepted by the negotiators at the Department of Foreign Affairs and this prediction could force South Africa to make major concessions to the Western Contact Group during the next few months. On the other hand, it is perhaps more likely to encourage Pretoria to press on with an 'internal' settlement in Namibia which would exclude SWAPO.

SOUTH AFRICA'S FOREIGN policy is determined by one over-riding factor: apartheid has made the country an international outcast, a pariah among nations. The Department of Foreign Affairs therefore has a constant problem of attempting to reconcile internal and external policies: selling apartheid abroad, while pressing for minor reforms at home. This leads it into some curious work. For example, at one time the Information Department in Pretoria produced a batch of letters extolling the virtues of life in South Africa which were sent to the South African Consul General in Wellington, New Zealand, for processing. The letters were then distributed to a letter writing circle whose members sent them out, under their own names, to local newspapers for publication. Last autumn the Wellington Consul General, P. R. Lindhorst, proudly sent back a collection of newspaper cuttings to Pretoria to demonstrate the effectiveness of the letter writing exercise.

Within the South African government the Department of Foreign Affairs has a 'liberal' reputation, being more open to outside influences because it can never forget that apartheid is its biggest problem in the international arena. It was this reputation that encouraged Himmelhoch to join Foreign Affairs last October in the belief that 'it was possible to work within the system for peaceful change.'

He and a handful of the more progressive entrants were quickly dubbed the Young Turks. But it rapidly became clear to them that Foreign Affairs was an integral part of the apartheid system. Himmelhoch quotes three incidents that helped convince him that he had to leave.

Ex-spy says First Secretary was his BOSS contact . . .

EXPOSED

NEW STATESMAN

IDENTIFIED: South Africa's top BOSS man in Britain

How the South African *Sunday Tribune* covered our story last week. It was also fully reported in the major daily papers.

While on the Zimbabwe Desk Himmelhoch needed to consult a book by a minister in Mugabe's government: *Essays on the Liberation of Southern Africa* by Information Minister Nathan Shamuyarira. The book is banned in South Africa as 'subversive', and a request to the government censor elicited the reply that even the Department of Foreign Affairs did not have a blanket exemption to import banned publications. A decision on whether to allow the Department to acquire a copy of Shamuyarira's book would only be taken on its arrival at customs.

The appointment of the first non-white member of the Department of Foreign Affairs two months ago was an even more vivid reminder of the nature of apartheid society. Under South African law it would have been illegal for the one solitary Coloured member of the department to have eaten with his colleagues. The staff canteen, which Himmelhoch compared to an English motorway cafe, therefore had to be formally declared an 'International Restaurant' in order to enable the new member to have lunch with the other staff. Even now, however, it is not possible for the Coloured entrant to drink with his colleagues.

Finally, there was a lecture by an immigration official to the Foreign Affairs staff on the Mixed Marriages Act. This has extraterritorial applicability, which means that South African consulates overseas will not issue 'No Impediment to Marriage Certificates' to South African citizens intending to marry someone of a different race. The new entrants at the Department of Foreign Affairs were therefore taught how to detect Coloured people who superficially appear to be white. Racial characteristics to look out for were suggested and in particular it was explained that a Coloured person could be detected by examining the applicant's fingernails.

Himmelhoch's final decision to flee from South Africa was made once his request for deferment of military service had been turned down. While at the Department of Foreign Affairs he had seen a classified report from the Directorate of Military Intelligence which had predicted that during 1980 as many as 5,200 whites would evade conscription. On 1 June Himmelhoch left South Africa to join them.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

London Diary

☐ As a social barometer the coffee bean, roasted but otherwise untampered-with, takes some beating. Its arrival this week in Janet's, my local corner shop, is final confirmation that this bit of Battersea has fallen to the cultural and economic imperialists from north of the Thames.

When I moved in 11 years ago, Janet (a stern lady whose hair colour has fluctuated alarmingly through the seasons between strawberry and platinum blonde) was into fish fingers, tinned peaches and white sliced. The area was English lower-middle and working class, with just a thin icing of higher society along the rim of Battersea Park — remittance men sent south by their Knightsbridge families. But when property prices exploded in Chelsea the invasion began: young women with silk headscarves knotted on the tips of their chins and husbands with Liberty cravats were lured by the promise of estate agents that this was 'just a few minutes from the Kings Road.'

Janet stood firm for almost half a decade, until one day a bottle of Perrier water was sighted on the Kia-Ora shelf behind the Jaffa cakes. I knew she'd never look back. What next — Sage Derby and Windsor Red? Sure enough, about two years later a great delicatessen counter was wheeled in, with everything from 'Parisienne' paté to 'blue' brie. The greengrocer next door followed obediently; red peppers, *mange tout* and little bunches of fresh herbs made their appearance among the cauliflowers and spuds. Then Janet took in wholemeal bread and a small selection of wines. Finally, after a frantic burst of building out the back, a small extension was unveiled — *et voila,* the coffee bean!

☐ On the other side of Battersea Park Road, which runs like a San Andreas fault through this part of town, a different transformation has taken place. At about the time when the first Gucci shoes were treading gingerly across the river, the local council, with the help of T. Dan Smith, was pushing up a row of high-rise blocks. The new shops which opened to serve them were rather grander than Janet's at first. Even the new flats were briefly habitable. But a combination of atrocious architecture, abysmal maintenance and zero understanding of the way people want to live, ensured a rapid decline. Everybody longed to get out. The lucky ones fled and their places were filled by others with a little less hope. Today, 95 per cent of the people who live there want to be transferred. But about 94 per cent haven't a hope in hell. As the fancy French salami appeared at Janet's, wire grilling went up in front of the off-licence counter on the new estate. As the courgettes and the endives and the out-of-season broccoli made their debut on one side of the road, so the breadfruit and the green bananas moved in on the other. Now I think the polarisation of Battersea is complete.

☐ I happened on Tuesday to meet an admirable young woman in a sumptuous twin-bedded room on the seventh floor of the Park Lane Hotel. Had we been staying the night, it would have cost us £59, inclusive of VAT and 'service'. But she was there to clean the room and I was there to find out about wages and conditions in London's lowest-paid ghetto, the hotel and catering industry. In fact, £59 is what this woman earns in a week — minus £15 for her room in the hotel annexe, leaving £44 before tax.

The staff of the Park Lane Hotel are part-organised by the General and Municipal Workers' Union, and their conditions are better than average. So what do these relatively privileged chambermaids have to do to earn their keep in one of London's smartest hotels?

Each one is expected to clean 14 rooms a day, plus 14 adjoining bathrooms. She must shift the beds and other heavy furniture, hoover the floor, polish the woodwork, change the linen, scrub the bath and clean out the loo with vicious chemicals, and wipe and dust until the place is spotless. According to an official time-and-motion study, it takes 40 minutes to do each bed-and-bath suite. That's a total of nine hours and 20 minutes. But the chambermaids are supposed to work from 8 am to 5 pm, including an hour's worth of breaks. They are not paid overtime unless they clean extra rooms, for which they get £1, before tax.

If their work is not up to standard, they can be reported. If they are reported four times they can be sacked. If they are sacked, of course, they are thrown out of their lodgings. I asked this young woman why she did the work. She said it was the only way she could find a place to live.

☐ Field Marshal Lord Carver is a thoughtful man and I imagine he wouldn't have written in last week's *New Statesman* that 'we should take our share of manning theatre nuclear weapon delivery systems, including those with American warheads' if he had had the benefit of reading this week's *New Statesman,* in which Andrew Cockburn explains that a Cruise missile couldn't navigate its way out of a paper bag, let alone be sure of missing the primary school around the corner from the Russian military base. That was just bad planning on our part. But how long will he and other 'defence' experts go on advising us to 'stop shaking our heads about American reliability'?

Perhaps it depends on what you mean by 'reliable'. According to a Reuter report this week, US Defense Secretary Harold Brown is a very reliable man. If a conventional war broke out in Europe, he told a TV interviewer, he could be relied upon not to rule out the possibility of the United States being the first to use 'tactical nuclear weapons as a way of showing that this was a very critical situation and that the risks were very great.' Well, what a relief that is.

☐ You have to watch what you say around here. A passing remark in this Diary about the need for a 'refresher course for clapped-out feminists' and I find myself rocketed to stardom by the *Observer.* Now I am known all over the place as the most worn-out, demoralised, crumbling old hack in the business. I can still walk without a frame, you know. And in the inner reaches of my mind there is still some optimism fighting its way, salmon-like, up the rapid waters of senility.

What's more, I can, if I rest on my shooting-stick and take a whiff of salts to stop the blood from freezing in my veins, admit I am wrong. The women's movement is bubbling over with activity. According to the literature on my desk, scarcely a weekend will go by between now and next May without a major feminist event. The season opens on Saturday week, with the 'Beyond the Fragments' rally in Leeds (boys are allowed, but it's feminist nonetheless) and goes right through to an international conference on affirmative action, which the National Council for Civil Liberties is planning for late Spring.

A thought niggles me though. How long can we keep up the momentum in this spontaneous, structureless way? The movement has always abhorred hierarchies and other man-made forms of organisation — and rightly, too. But we have also learnt about the 'tyranny of structurelessness'. And socialist feminists, certainly, have seen how easily they can be elbowed out of the way, just because others are prepared to claim they are truer daughters of the revolution. Do we need something to hold us together? Could we devise something which would not also stultify us? And could it somehow *not* be riven with bitterness or dominated by this faction or that? Or have I just got too tidy a mind, and the wrong idea altogether?

☐ What *can* be keeping Charles Richardson from turning himself in? He promised he would. Some have suggested that he's waiting until 28 August when the film *McVicar* is released, because he wants to see himself on the big screen, played by Steven Berkoff. By all accounts it is rather an unflattering portrayal and I suspect that is not what's keeping him on the run. Could it be that he can't resist a practical joke at the expense of Yorkshire Television? That company has a full-length documentary film in the can, which is all about the elusive villain. It opens with Jonathan Dimbleby announcing: 'Now that Charles Richardson is safely back in prison again. . . '

Anna Coote

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ The purchase of 300 protectors ('boxes') by Avon and Somerset police in the wake of the St Paul's riot in Bristol has created an acute shortage in sports shops, causing many club batsmen to bat without them. — *Wisden Cricket Monthly* (Peter Haywood)

☐ Oxford MP John Patten has demanded that permission to use the school be withdrawn. 'The WSL want to overthrow the monarchy, religion and family life,' said Mr Patten. 'They should not be allowed to do it on public property.' — *Oxford Journal* (K. R. Hathaway)

☐ Teenager Chris Baylis appeared in court at Wickhamford, Worcs, for miaowing at a police dog and getting bitten. He was fined £50 for threatening behaviour. — *Southend Evening Echo* (Randall Baker)

☐ Labour Research could find no companies giving money to the Labour Party and only £1,500 was given to the Liberals, including £1,000 from the Playboy Club. — *Financial Times* (A. Birdsey)

☐ Sex films are now on sale at a Newbury dry cleaners. — *Reading Mercury* (Tom Lawrence)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

America's second war

From Derek Davies, Editor of Far Eastern Economic Review

I read with great interest John Pilger's report on the Cambodian tragedy (NS 1 August). However, the article suffered from Pilger's anxiety to exaggerate both the overt and the clandestine role the Americans are playing in the situation. The two rocks between which the Khmer people are being ground today are China and the Soviet Union, a rivalry transforming South East Asia once again into a battlefield between Superpowers (this time fought by proxies). Of course the US is supporting China, and is stupidly offering comfort and aid to the monster Pol Pot and his murderous Khmer Rouge.

However, Pilger does imply throughout his excellent report on the activities in Thailand of the old Vietnamese war warriors that the Americans are the prime movers (many South East Asians would wish that they were so committed!). The current level of American military aid to Thailand (about US$40 million) should be compared with the amount US Security Adviser, Zbigniew Brzezinski, offered to Pakistan in the wake of the Soviet seizure of Afghanistan — US$400 million — which President Zia-ul Huq dismissed as peanuts.

Pilger kindly refers to my own article chronicling the catastrophic results of America's failure to progress towards normalising its relations with Vietnam, while pushing ahead to full recognition of China in late 1978. In summarising my article in the *Far Eastern Economic Review* of 2 February 1979, Pilger unfortunately gets the chronology wrong. Vietnam reluctantly joined COMECON in June 1978 (not November), while continuing to signal to Washington that it was ready to drop all preconditions to negotiations. The 'tragic circle' was closed on 3 November 1978, when the Soviet/Vietnamese treaty of friendship and mutual defence was announced — the very day on which former US Secretary of State, Cyrus Vance, finally admitted that the Vietnamese had dropped their demands for reparations.

6/F Centre Point, 181 Gloucester Road, Hong Kong

Areopagitica revisited

From Stuart Christie

Booksellers have written asking us to withhold their orders for our title *Towards a Citizens Militia* (Anarchist Alternatives to NATO and the Warsaw Pact) 'until the legality of the book has been established'. Similarly, our trade distributor, Scottish & Northern and Southern Distribution, has also refused to handle the book on legal advice. We have now parted company with our 'radical' distributors as a result of this decision, which we feel to be a particularly insidious form of political censorship which undermines even further the rights of a 'free press', particularly the radical section.

'Illegality' can be established only by prosecution and, although our book has been scrutinised by the DPP, the Attorney General, Senior Special Branch officers at Scotland Yard and Northern Constabulary HQ in Inverness, they all take the view that the information it contains is readily available elsewhere and nothing would be gained by a prosecution. Any decision to prosecute now rests with either the Crown Agent for Scotland or the Kirkwall Procurator Fiscal.

The politicians, police and Army officers who have voiced concern about this book have deliberately misconstrued our motives in publishing it. It is a serious contribution to the discussion of alternatives to Doomsday and the possibility of a right-wing coup. Perhaps the scenario of the latter struck a bit too close to home for some of them. Also, the unholy alliance of Conservative, Labour and Liberal MPs who are so anxious to see our books seized, Cienfuegos Press closed down and myself prosecuted are among the first to leap to the defence of the National Front's right to march, defended by thousands of police, bringing fear, hatred and violence in their wake.

Finally, any legal action taken against our anarchist and libertarian socialist publishing programme will be rigorously defended in the courts. In the meantime I would remind readers that the prejudices of the 'law and order' lobby in Parliament do not as yet have the force of law and they should follow their consciences as to what they read and say — it's a 'right' we may not have for much longer.

Cienfuegos Press, Over the Water, Sanday, Orkney

Grub Street

From David Caute

In 'Publish and be damned' (NS 13 June) the Writers Guild and the Society of Authors joined forces to expose the contractual chaos currently prevailing in British publishing. I'm delighted that Michael Sissons pays generous tribute (NS 1 August) to our work. Indeed it was not so long ago that Sissons himself was branded an *enfant terrible* by publishers resistant to change. If, as his article suggests, literary agents are beginning to accept the justice and visibility of minimum terms agreements in book publishing, they can be sure that the Guild will not turn a deaf ear to their proposals for improving and refining the agreements.

Even so, Michael Sissons still suffers from the misconception that the Guild's Minimum Terms Agreement is a rigid, take-it-or-leave-it ultimatum which treats all books as uniform 'cakes of soap'. We have never believed a single formula can cover all varieties of book, and our MTA — one tires of repeating it — is a negotiating document. What publishers have furiously resisted is not this clause or that but the basic principle itself.

Sissons is clearly torn. On the one hand he recognises the vital role of writers' unions; on the other he is tempted to present literary agents as a viable alternative. But an agent can represent only his own clients whereas the Guild is pursuing a code of conduct which would protect all authors. The roles are complimentary, not competitive or mutually exclusive. A documented report will shortly be published showing that out of a large sample of relatively established authors, well under half have agents. The national average would be considerably less. Agents, like publishers, turn down more writers than they take on — which is only one reason why they are not in a position to safeguard the vital interests of the profession as a whole.

Michael Sissons is afraid that ill-conceived minimum terms agreements could put certain minority books out of business. Quite so. But the writers who run the Guild are not bent on collective suicide and it is often forgotten that only a minority of the clauses in the Guild's MTA are financial ones. If the agents will concentrate on refining rather than silently resisting minimum terms, then they and their clients will soon be capitalising on the established minima precisely like their colleagues in the fields of film, television, radio and subsidised theatre.

I do wish Michael Sissons hadn't dragged in that scare stuff about the danger of a 'closed shop in publishing'. It's nonsense and he knows it: if the Guild were ever to demand that all authors must join a union, a great many of us who presently conduct its affairs would walk straight out of it.

Charles Clark, Managing Director of Hutchinson, takes a swipe (NS 15 August) at the Guild's 'shrill blinkered' posture while replying to Tim Jeal's review (NS 1 August) of his book *Publishing Agreements*. Jeal is abroad so I take the liberty of an intervention. It's perfectly true that Jeal confined his review to that part of Mr Clark's book which would interest the majority of authors — the section which deals with publisher-author contracts for original titles. I suppose rabbits get excited about recipes for boiled rabbit whereas hares tend to brood over pages detailing the delights of jugged hare. Mr Clark has in effect offered his colleagues a set of highly orthodox clauses designed to protect the interests of publishers, gilded by some hesitantly enlightened footnotes. The status quo traditionally projects itself as the embodiment of moderation and common sense; I have little doubt that when the effects of the Guild's current industrial action begin to make themselves felt, then the publishers will abandon their adamant refusal to talk to us.

Writers' Guild of Great Britain, 430 Edgware Road, London W2

Organising the unemployed

From Chris Edwards (Centre Organiser) and Dave Walkden (Unemployed Workers' Union)

On behalf of the Newcastle Trades Council Centre for the Unemployed we would like to congratulate the NS on conducting some interesting research and publishing the feature on 'organising the unemployed' (NS 8 August). but I would like to correct a few of the statements made by Patrick Wintour in connection with the Centre.

The Centre for the Unemployed was set up by Newcastle Trades Council three years ago as a bona fide Trade Union response to the level of unemployment in the area. However, the Unemployed Workers' Union was established by unemployed workers themselves, who had come into contact with the Centre as a result of our advice and information work. The Trades Council encouraged this development as it arose from a recognition that the interests of the employed and the unemployed were alike. Union members have recognised that in and out of work their interests are best served by making representations through their own Trade Union. However, because of the special problems associated with being unemployed, and also because not every unemployed person is entitled to be a Union member at present (school leavers, long-term unemployed etc), an organisation to discuss unemployment and its remedies, as well as representing the unemployed themselves, was a useful addition to the efforts of the whole Movement. It is generally accepted by the UWU that it would not be entirely desirable to merely grow in membership, without formal recognition, or incorporation into, the established Trade Unions.

The article refers to us in the Centre 'campaigning outside the Unions in local communities'. Under no circumstances would we ignore the wishes of Trade Unionists in any campaign. A good example of our work in this connection involved a campaign currently taking place in the East End of Newcastle. At the invitation of the Hawthorn Leslies Marine Engineering works Shop Stewards Committee we were asked to rally support from councillors, Labour parties, community groups etc. to the possibility of a battle to save jobs in the area around the works. This has met with a favourable response from Shop Stewards in other factories in the area, and in fact the intimations of support from those bodies we have contacted are a source of encouragement to the workers in the factory itself.

The point about working with local communities is that where jobs are threatened the effect is not solely on those actually working in a factory or office. The effect is borne by whole families, school students about to seek work, workers in ancillary firms or trades, and of course the unemployed. Although redundancy settlements can seem to be attractive to those about to lose their jobs, nobody compensates the unemployed for declining vacancies and nobody compensates a community for its declining industry.

Newcastle Trades Council Centre for the Unemployed, 5 Queen Street, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE1 3UG.

Personal point

From David Boulton

Please permit me to restore the punch-line which mysteriously disappeared from my letter last week and robbed it of its point. I revealed that one of *Sanity*'s 'contributing editors' whom I saved by my selfless action from a martyr's jail in 1963 was a *Daily Herald* columnist called Henry Fielding — alias Bruce Page.

4b High Street, Belmont Village, Bolton, Lancs

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

A penny for them

I do believe that for quite some time now, and certainly without meaning to do so and with no intention of being presumptuous and of concerning myself with matters that are clearly so esoteric and special and beyond me, I have, and by mistake, been transcendentally meditating. I have never been too absolutely sure about just what this activity requires from its participants, and as far as I am concerned any gymnastic contortions involving my legs and lower half generally and any squatting (repellent verb) down are all out from the start, but I gather that the final state to aim at is rather a negative one, namely a total emptying of the mind. This I can now manage effortlessly and in less time than it takes to tell. At almost any moment during the day, my mind can be relied upon to empty itself completely. After breakfast and before the papers and letters arrive is an unexpectedly good time for emptying. No incantations, no crossed legs, no mountain tops are necessary to acquire this pleasing void. While the All Bran and scrambled eggs and the Tiptree and the Typhoo are circulating within my system and bent on their healing work, I just switch off. Very peaceful and undemanding it is and I cannot recommend the procedure too highly.

And in addition to being able to switch off, I have throughout my life always been able, and I mention this in no boastful manner for what I have to confess savours of deceit, to direct my train of thought elsewhere than on the matter in hand. To conceal what is going on when apparently in lively communion with an acquaintance and to persuade one's vis-à-vis that one is still mentally, as well as physically, with them, one must present an alert exterior, the lips gently parted, the eyes keenly focused, the head tilted slightly forward, the expression pleasing and receptive, with perhaps a little lopsided half-smile hovering somewhere. That done, the mind can whizz away to Wagga Wagga (Australia) for all that your companion will realise.

I found this little ability extremely useful at school, where I spent many happy hours in Shaftesbury Avenue and in dressing-rooms ('Bravo, Noël!') that were in life denied me until a later date, but I first became aware of these powers of, so to speak, mental absenteeism while, as a child, at breakfast with my father. Politics worried him, especially the kind of politics that differed in any way from the treasured beliefs of the Conservative Party and of that solid Mr Baldwin in particular. Anything else was tremendously unpopular. If only Ramsay MacDonald had known what violent agitations he brought to our breakfast table, he would, I am sure and kind man that he was, have retired on the spot. And so, while my father droned on about him ('What is the fellow up to, do you suppose?'), I assumed, between mouthfuls of porridge, the face that deceived and directed my thoughts elsewhere. And from the expression on my mother's face while she toyed with a kipper, I always assumed that she too had lost interest in Mr MacDonald and mentally was also happily elsewhere.

I was at that age (seven or so) a great one for hero-worship and an affectionate little chap in general, and a certain imbalance of loving demonstrativeness in my parents had caused me to direct my attentions outside the family circle, where my readiness to admire and to revere had found an improbable target. My father and mother were both members of the Roehampton Golf Club and enjoyed playing a round on Sunday afternoons, the morning having been devoted by all of us to Matins, with sermon, in Barnes Church, on which occasions the face that deceived was in full action and proof against any vicar or curate, however eloquent and noisy. Provided that my conduct during the week had not been too intolerable, my usual Sunday treat was to join my parents in the Roehampton club house for tea, where the air rang with phrases such as 'one up at the turn' and 'dormy three' and 'an eagle at the dog-leg' and 'sliced it into the ditch', technical terms incomprehensible at the time but having the strange aural fascination that technical terms so often possess ('You've blown a gasket' a garage mechanic once said to me and I was, although baffled, instantly intrigued).

To summon tea in the club house, one pressed a bell marked 'Steward' and, as an extra treat, I was allowed to press the bell for it was on the steward that my affections and interest were at that period fixed and on whom I concentrated while others were wondering what devil's work Ramsay Mac was planning. Why the steward seemed a hero to me I have now forgotten. Perhaps, for it was 1917, I had been told that, to use a sad technical term, he had 'stopped a Blighty one on the Somme'. He was a stocky married man who wore a white jacket and who brought, when asked to do so, tea, but he had a smiling face and took quite kindly to being stared at by a hideous and bulbous child of seven (snaps of me at the time are alarming in the extreme and one is put in mind of a barrage balloon).

Once, and my goodness what a day of days that was, I was allowed to visit his pantry and, in a wonderland of shining glass and crockery, watch him washing up. At Christmas, he gave me a box of chocs (bribed, perhaps, by my mother, who liked to encourage true affections of any sort) and it was at least three days before I could bring myself to break the seal and get going on the contents. My parents were good enough to take all this quite calmly and did not seem upset by this excessive admiration lavished on somebody outside the family. Throughout their lives they were models of quiet acceptance of the various shocks and surprises with which I, from time to time, supplied them. Indeed, down the years the stoical behaviour of parents in general, especially in the last two decades, has been beyond all praise. A woman friend of mine, whose son had suddenly married in America a girl quite unknown to her, found herself writing to him 'I know that in time we shall all grow to love Charlene as much as you. When may we welcome her to Thames Ditton?'

But back, if you will allow it, to my face. It is of the type that, alas, people like, doubtless seeking kindly to divert me, to talk at rather than with, for little is required of me, and friends and acquaintances flock, pregnant with discourse, to it like wasps to an (and I use the simile advisedly) over-ripe and split-open plum, purple and heavy with juice. Once we have got the conversation off the ground, I can do my switching off, but just at first a little effort is required. Thus: 'You remember my telling you about my cousin who was sent down from Oxford for necrophily and then went out to New Zealand?' 'Yes, yes', I cry, 'I've been meaning to ask you, for he seemed such an enterprising chap. How *is* Denzil?' 'Brendan, actually. Well, he had the offer of this job . . .' and away we go, merely hoping that Brendan has not found some cosy little niche in a crematorium.

And away I too, mentally, go to matters that are to me of interest and importance. For example, why do restaurants, even the best, never make the mint sauce sweet enough (I have had to ask for sugar in places that would surprise you) and supply it in such niggardly amounts? Why do they still advertise motorcars that will reach the quite needless speed of 130 mph, 60 mph of which is above the legal limit and, hurtling down the M1, would be a lethal item on that already dread thoroughfare (answers on a post-card)? When is Mr Heath going to stop looking sulky and become once more the radiant and beaming Sunny Jim that we all know and love (remember the happy snap of him watching the Bechstein being trundled into Number 10, his fingers just itching to rattle off 'The Merry Peasant'?).

And on and on my mind rambles, ranging from the possible thoughts that may occur to Senator Kennedy while laying awake in the stilly watches of the night, to whether, at school, tinned pilchards were totally desirable and appetising as a summer supper dish.

Roger Woddis

The only language

'People want peace so much that one of these days governments had better get out of their way and let them have it.' — President Eisenhower, 31 August 1959.

Ike, you should be living at this hour.
Moral pressures make protesters happy
But move few mountains. Words of passion
Are swallowed in the winds of power.

Rulers vary but are alike in this:
They do not listen or cringe before clamour.
Babies in prams, feet, voices
Are less than one stopping and unstoppable act.

Even as the placard is being painted,
Someone somewhere before a lighted screen
Sits with poised finger, awaiting orders.
Their precise calculations do not include reason.

The good delude themselves as well as others,
Their quiet cause the cue for distant laughter.
How many divisions has sincerity?
Liars and madmen are terribly sincere.

'Deter', they say, 'and you will live.'
It is the only language they understand.
If terror works, we should embrace their logic
And let our masters know what terror means.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS IN GENERAL

James Campbell

Muzzling Wild Beasts

Adventure isn't what it used to be. Television, the aeroplane and ITT have completed what Burton and Speke began, and thus we no longer depend on the imaginations of writers like Rider Haggard to convey to us the horror of hidden lands so cold that a corpse can survive intact for 300 years; nor the savage nobility of tribes who greeted one with 'Prepare then to die, O strangers!' Nor even the integrity of men to whom another's 'Curse it!' indicated unbelief in God. The scope for adventure into uncharted country has shrunk irredeemably since the close of the last century, and the literary imagination has either settled for the proportions of domestic realism, or gone looking elsewhere.

But the spread of communications is not the only reason why we have more or less snubbed adventure as a subject for serious fiction. Expeditions into undiscovered lands were often the product of a lust for plunder, and of an imperial cast of mind which we, less convinced of the truth of progress, have rejected or been forced to reject. We no longer applaud Allan Quatermain's boast that he has 'made his pile', and our satisfaction that Jim Hawkins received 'an ample share of the treasure' while John Silver ended up with his 'negress' is a little less easy, perhaps, than that of earlier readers. This cynicism may not be based merely on the simple need to decry the deeds of one's forefathers, however; what we so confidently, and arrogantly, refer to as 'civilisation' often has not seemed so appealing to those about to be showered with its blessings. Jenni Calder, relating the story of Stevenson's first visit to the Marquesan islands, writes:

> their population had been a distinctive and dignified group of Polynesians, but their experience with Europeans had been drastic. The Spaniards had . . . despatched them wholesale. It was a raw demonstration of what was to happen to the Marquesans more insidiously over the centuries. The white man's diseases took hold, as they did everywhere in the Pacific: smallpox, tuberculosis and venereal disease.

Nor was disease all they had to put up with: missionaries came full of ideas of how they could be saved; governors of how they might be ruled; and traders and entrepreneurs 'took what they could'. As for Stevenson, it was not in his nature to be a plunderer. He lived happily in Samoa in his final years in a house which he built himself and of which he was justly proud. He was popular with the native inhabitants and revered by his family. His main worry was ill health, which, as Jenni Calder shows, was at least one of the spurs of his genius: a paradox common to artists and one which Ian Watt and A.N. Wilson also have cause to explore.

Mrs Calder's 'Life Study' — so called, presumably, in order to distinguish it from a full-scale biography — presents an attractive portrait of Stevenson. One of the problems the biographer faces is how to offer a fluent narrative without being caught in the act of making things up. Rarely, if ever, in this case, is the reader compelled to wonder just how the author knows that her subject gazed wistfully on Edinburgh Castle at that particular moment. If anything, she has been neutral to a point of error: for all I enjoyed the book, I am not certain she has achieved the psychological depth she was aiming for.

Several clues are offered for the sources of Louis's curiously adventurous temperament. For a start, there was the grey, soulless background to his upbringing: his father's gloomy nature; Edinburgh's wretched climate, which he loathed; the solemn inner life of the city. Like so many Victorian children — perhaps those of Calvinist parentage in particular — Stevenson had a morbid and potentially damaging preoccupation with sin. 'Nightly on my bed,' he wrote later in a poem, 'my small heart went forth to evil things.' This, Mrs Calder remarks, is not the child seeing evil, 'but inventing it'. Later his power of invention enabled him to explore these Scottish ghosts as a way of evading their terrible domination. A similar evasion was needed to avoid the restraints of respectability which awaited every young man of Edinburgh New Town family; Stevenson did so and gained a reputation as a rebel and a bohemian. But his overriding problem was his health. It was that, above all else, which drove him to seek relief from his own environment. Yet the search for a purer air might also be seen as a metaphor: 'What Louis found in the South Pacific was an area of the world where conventional moral restraints and control just did not, or could not, operate.'

Mrs Calder may have left the contradictions of Stevenson's mind and character incompletely synthesised, however. His rejection of conventional values did not help him to resolve the dilemma of economic dependence on his parents — a life-long gift which came tightly tied with strings — or an impecunious freedom. Mrs Calder admits that his response to political reality was shallow and that he was not able to think his way through political contradictions, but she side-steps, with hardly more than a nod at the problems this forces, his romantic affiliation with rebels, guerrillas and bandits. Perhaps Stevenson the writer was hampered by an immaturity which Stevenson the man never quite grew out of. He seems never fully to have conquered the fear that flight from respectability would mean deliverance into chaos. That fear helped create *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde;* but it may also explain why what some consider his most successful creations — Jenni Calder says *Kidnapped;* A.N. Wilson claims *Treasure Island* — were children's adventure stories.

No such moral dilemmas troubled the heart of Sir Walter Scott. If only they had. When his friend, Richard Heber, became involved in a sexual scandal (incest? adultery? homosexuality? all three? Mr Wilson won't tell) which ruined his parliamentary career, Scott wrote: 'Our passions are wild beasts. God grant us the power to muzzle them.' Mr Wilson confidently adds: 'One can be sure that Scott never felt the temptations which ruined Heber.' Well one can never be *altogether* sure. A stoicism as severe as Scott's is bound to imply opposite. According to Mr Wilson, 'Those with a taste for D. H. Lawrence's orgiastic fantasies would be naive if they were surprised at his sexual impotence.' Similarly, no one who describes his passions as 'wild beasts' is totally uninitiated into the 'temptations' they offer.

But for the most part Mr Wilson is quite right. Scott's moral universe was extraordinarily simple; disturbingly so. In his novels — unlike Stevenson's — the moral questior

---

RLS: A Life Study by JENNI CALDER *Hamish Hamilton* £9.95

The Laird of Abbotsford: A View of Sir Walter Scott by A. N. WILSON *Oxford* £8.95

Conrad in the Nineteenth Century by IAN WATT *Chatto* £10.50

The Private Diaries of Sir Henry Rider Haggard edited by D. S. Higgins *Cassell* £14.95

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

never really reaches the stage of being a question: the answer is always explicit from the start. In a sentence which I fear is more revealing than he realises, A.N. Wilson states: 'Honesty, in Scott's world, has nothing to do with the discovery of the "self".' Scott simply believed in a right way to behave, and did so. He had a set of rules, and they worked. But there is a sense in which honesty, the expression of truth, is impossible without the discovery of 'self': quite simply, no one has the means to be honest until he knowns who he is. The lack of struggle towards any such discovery shows up in Scott's pages and is, no doubt, one of the reasons why he fails to transcend his period. At the conclusion to *The Heart of Midlothian,* for example, the reader is informed that 'the paths of virtue, though seldom those of worldly greatness, are always those of pleasantness and peace'. This sentiment — which deserves a place above the door of every Scottish Sunday School, which is where, I believe, I first heard it — is one of those which are true only around the fireside and have no reality away from its safety.

Scott was a man of action *manqué.* He referred to his family as 'infantry' and worked on the battle scenes in *Marmion* by dashing back and forward on horseback on Portobello beach. With a few friends he formed an equestrian Home Guard but his only sniff of action was to rattle a sabre at some mill workers and to take a few shots at rebellious miners in Crosscauseway. When he was introduced to Nicholas I, the Tsar, noticing his limp, asked him in what engagement he had been wounded. Scott muttered something about illness, and then, finding himself not understood, gravely replied that he had been 'engaged in some slight actions . . . the battle of Crosscauseway'. A.N. Wilson finds all this perfectly delightful, and in a way of course it is. But it also helps to explain Scott's current neglect: a connection Mr Wilson seems unable to make. This is the strangest feature of *The Laird of Abbotsford.* Like Mrs Calder's 'Life Study', it seeks to establish links between the life and the work; it even concludes that, with Scott, 'life was forced to imitate art'. The evidence produced in support of this claim, like the argument which proceeds from it, is sound and all too convincing. It is the lack of critical comment from the author, indeed his approval of this drowning of life in 'a set of rules', which is curious and, finally, irritating.

The relationship between life and art is explored again in *Conrad in the Nineteenth Century.* Professor Watt, author of *The Rise of the Novel,* quickly warns that his study is not 'a critical biography, but it presents in a relatively summary fashion the markedly different picture of Conrad's life which has begun to emerge from the works of many scholars in the last twenty years'. 'Relatively summary' can hardly be called an accurate description. The book concentrates on four of Conrad's novels — *Almayer's Folly, The Nigger of the Narcissus, Heart of Darkness* and *Lord Jim* — of which it offers thorough study, drawing on biographical sources, contemporary ideological perspectives and investigation of language and narrative structure.

Ian Watt is more interested in Conrad the seer than in Conrad the seaman. It is fascinating that this Pole, born one year later than Rider Haggard and only seven years after Stevenson, writing in his second, possibly his third, language (he at first hesitated about whether to write novels in English or French) should belong so certainly in 20th-century literature while the latter two are so definitely Victorian. Ian Watt describes *Heart of Darkness* as one of the earliest and greatest works in the tradition of modern literature: an assessment few will care to dispute. Yet it was written only a few years after the composition of *The Black Arrow* and *Catriona* (not to mention *She*) which, whatever their merits, seem to belong to a different age.

Conrad found Rider Haggard 'too loathesome for words'. A present day reader's reaction to the absurdities of *King Solomon's Mines* and *She* (not forgetting 60 others) is likely to be laughter where Haggard intended fright. His *Private Diaries* are not all that private: indeed, if they are intimate at all, then Haggard had a very boring inner life; the commands of She-who-must-be-obeyed were kept secret, probably even to Haggard himself. In fact, these diaries, covering the period 1914-1925, were written with publication in mind. They reveal a personality hopelessly depressed by the war and yet in love with the idea of a glorious death in action, and to whom nothing was more important than furthering the good of the Empire. A writer, moreover, who could not understand his lack of serious consideration: 'I make what I want to say very clearly understood . . . It is a part of the Stevensonian tradition to decry simple, straightforward English.'

Had Stevenson written more works like *Dr Jekyll* and 'Markheim' then Haggard might have been correct in placing him among the moderns, something which a modern readership has proved reluctant to do. For good or ill, only Conrad of the writers under discussion is read in earnest today: and it is for his treatment of the themes of isolation and alienation, not for the thrill of adventure, that we read Conrad's adventure fiction. Everything E.M. Forster said of Walter Scott — 'he is seen to have a trivial mind and a heavy style. He cannot construct. He has neither artistic detachment nor passion' — is emphatically not true of Conrad.

Scott's love of tradition and history has done little to endear him to most modern readers. As little, indeed, as to many of 'the very people whose heritage he had done so much to restore and popularise'. A.N. Wilson tells the story of Scott's terrible hurt after being insulted and pelted by Hawick weavers while on his way to make an election speech in favour of his Tory cousin. The weavers were out for anyone not wearing the reform colours but their attacks on Scott were particularly fierce. 'It must have been unthinkable to Scott', complains Mr Wilson, 'that someone with his intense love of the Borderers should be so harshly treated' by them. Unthinkable to Scott, no doubt, but clearly not to the Borderers. The sufferers of someone else's romantic passion or greed are entitled to their own idea of themselves.

Adventure stories — whether of the highlands, the prairie, the veldt or the raft — have an important place in literary tradition. If we feel that the attitudes and instincts which they dramatise still have importance for us, which they surely do, then it is better to understand them. It is fatal to romanticise the discontents of weavers.

Alan Hollinghurst

Good for Nothing?

Exactions by C. H. SISSON *Carcanet* £2.95
Selected Poems by DONALD JUSTICE *Anvil* £3.50
Poems of Love and Death by GEORGE MACBETH *Secker* £3.90
New and Collected Poems 1950-1980 by VERNON SCANNELL *Robson Books* £6.50 & £3.95

C. H. Sisson's new book repeatedly makes the point (if it is a point) that existence is meaningless, but it does not manage to render the point in poetry which might bring out its awfulness and absurdity: instead it remains inertly negative, a commonplace barely transformed by art. The point that commonplaces are such because they are true ('Nothing is what you had when you set out/And nothing you will have when you go home') is itself a commonplace, but it is barely sufficient as a poem. 'For such days as are uneaten by the years/A nod, a commonplace will be enough'; and yet Sisson wryly mourns that 'A commonplace is good for nothing now'. Or is it wryly? He really does want or need to be writing at a time when his pronouncements could be original coinages rather than banalities, and a striving for an Eliotic vatic voice is the clearest indication of this imitative nostalgia:

> No mirror, glass, plastic left by an Arab
> Nothing
> I cannot say it too often
> Nothing.

Sisson's strategy is often to come round the side of his poem and point out to us the nullity of existence which impugns the very value of the poem itself. And this might have worked had the poems themselves seemed valuable rather than rhythmically inert and linguistically monotonous, and had the humanity which this nothing endangers seemed more worth preserving. When he attempts pathos rather than portentous egotism he is sentimental — in a distinguished way in 'Remembering the Dead' (a poem about the death of childhood pets), but with regard to people not so:

> But Uncle George and Auntie Ju
> Find place in my memory too. . .
>
> Aunt Bessie queened it in an old farmhouse
> She was not queen of it; none of them was queen
> And yet not one of them but might have been.

This is like inferior Masefield. There are also echoes of Hardy (though the poems show nothing of his craft or compassion) in archaic locutions like 'I on this hillside take my last of life'; and a generally old-fashioned diction in the sequence 'Burrington Combe' which seems to both toy with and reject being parodic. The result, as in many of the poems, is a deliberate inelegance and coarsening of cadence.

Though living in the present is pointless for Sisson, he considers that to 'go in and turn

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about/The chambers of the past' is a 'Monstrous alternative to living' (albeit the principal source of literary creation). Donald Justice's poems, however, persistently haunt and are haunted by the past, to the extent that their present is characterised by a weary passivity, a lack of vitality that is supported by fastidious formal elegance. They do not need to say that what happens now is pointless as there seems no likelihood of anything happening anyway. Anthony Hecht, in a generous blurb, calls Justice 'the supreme heir of Wallace Stevens', but if that is so the Stevens heritage is weaker than one hoped. The poems lack urgency from early on — typically motiveless sestinas, for example — with a habit of elegance which cushions meaning, and a lack of colour and surprise. He will over-explain his material, flattening a striking comparison of a childhood memory with a Griffith film by including: 'But already the silent world is lost forever'; or in a (late?) poem, also of childhood memories, adding unnecessary glosses: 'Once more beneath my thumb the globe turns —/And doomed republics pass in a blur of colours. . . (Czechoslovakia, e.g.)' The poems occupy a cultured space, as aware of European poetry as of American (though in a way typical too of the British awareness of American poetry, that of a couple of generations earlier) — but with a certain lassitude and narcissism, looking in the mirror as much as out of the window. Formal but *fatigués,* they create the impression of getting great job-satisfaction without actually doing much work. It is unfair but true to say that the beautiful printing and production of the book increase this sense of artistic complacency which further reduces the emotional pressure of the work.

George MacBeth's *Poems of Love and Death* come nearest to being successful when furthest away from their avowed subject, for instance in 'For the Arrival of the New Cat' or 'Death of a Ferrari' where the love and death celebrated are sentimental and cranky and could not expect to be more. But when applying himself to human subjects MacBeth's lack of intensity counts strongly against him. The sentimental is a real problem in writing (and music and painting for that matter) as the writer must render that most common register of feeling in terms which retain but transcend the commonness. On the one hand these poems fall into the trap: 'And you say, sweetly and softly, goodnight./And the rain goes on falling. And that feels right.' And on the other MacBeth tries to make his subject freakish by adopting curious narratives and fictions: there are poems about Harry Crosby and 'The Death of Iris Bodmer' and also, in a vein of pointless parody that he has worked before, 'The Flame of Love, by Laura Stargleam: A Mills and Boon Poem.' Another way of dressing up the poems is the use of complicated-looking stanzas which do not actually contribute metrical interest to the poems or conceal their absence of ideas and baffling slightness. The only poem which creates any *frisson* or sense of seriousness rather than whimsical speculation about death is a translation — from the Rumanian of Maria Banus.

Vernon Scannell has brought together all those poems which he wishes to preserve and added an Introductory Note in which humility and pride rub against each other. He admits to some failures in an impressive way, cutting out 'poems which on re-reading seem to be quite obviously false, banal or inept' (a dulled echo of Auden rejecting poems that were 'dishonest, or bad-mannered, or boring') and hopes that readers will find things in his work 'that will, in Doctor Johnson's words "enable them the better to enjoy life or the better to endure it"'. This concept of poetry as something publicly accessible, pleasurable and morally consoling is clearly important to Scannell, as is his personal exploration of experiences which have mattered to him, and the result is a body of work of easy appeal and genuine and likeable personality. His manner is ideal for making the domestic ruefully amusing and for telling tales of clear moral application. He moves ably between the worlds of pugilism, drinking, lust, marriage, sexual unhappiness, melancholy and self-caricaturing ageing. He is funny and ironical; but he is not numinous, and his poems are unlikely to haunt the reader. This is partly as a consequence of their being well-made, formal and unambiguous, envisaging poetic success in a readily available clarity: this indeed is their achievement and their limitation. When Scannell attempts a larger subject, as in 'A Partial View', a new long poem on violence and war which closes the collection, the power and sophistication of response are clearly inadequate to his extremely serious theme.

Charles Fox

Ancestors

Inherit The Earth: A Social History by MAUREEN DUFFY *Hamish Hamilton* £6.95

The majority of people now alive are likely to make their mark on posterity only through having their names stored inside a computer: for owning a telly or a banker's card, for drawing Supplementary Benefit or getting on the wrong side of the law. Something rather similar happened in pre-electronic times. All that is known about Martin Jarvis, for example, apart from his being the son of Thomas and Grace Jarvis, are the details of his baptism and burial (in 1814, aged 56) and that he received two hand-outs from the parish: for a coat to be mended in 1811, and, two years later, six shillings to buy a shirt.

Maybe it would be marginally more fascinating to know how the coat got torn, but human details of that sort are, with just a few exceptions, missing from Maureen Duffy's exploration of her ancestors, all Jarvises and Gilders, who lived in and around the Essex country town of Thaxted, before moving to the East End in the 1870s. Many seem to have been yeoman farmers, until the industrialisation of agriculture brought a lowering of their status. In 1731, for instance, Robert Jarvis had to sell his house and lands, making it virtually certain that his son would work as a labourer. James Jarvis's will of 1786, bequeathing his freehold with barns and malthouses, was to be the last in the family for 150 years, simply because the Jarvises no longer had anything to leave.

What happened to the common people during the 18th and 19th centuries has been mulled over plenty of times already (no bright young progressive's bookshelf was once complete without the Hammonds or Postgate and Cole). But Maureen Duffy brings events into a sharper focus by relating them to people, even if those people do tend to be a bit shadowy. No portraits got painted; the earliest description to be left behind ('Hazel eyes, light brown hair, a fresh complexion') was of Joseph Gilder, who spent 20 years away from Thaxted, a soldier who fought under Wellington in the Peninsular War (the men were outraged at having their pigtails cut off, and — even worse — at being commanded to salute when the Host was carried past).

Not surprisingly, the overall feeling is of anonymity, heightened by the habit of handing the same Christian names on from generation to generation. These pages are bedabbled with Jameses and Roberts, Thomases and Johns, their precise relationships often ambiguous. The book's first section, describing nostalgic trips back to Thaxted from Stratford (atte Bow) during the earlier part of this century, so flummoxed your reviewer that he constructed a genealogical chart — and even then failed to determine whether Maude was Maureen's mother or auntie. All very reminiscent of early struggles with the openings of Tolstoy or Dostoievsky.

Odds and ends stick in the mind. How Molly used to be a term for a male homosexual; that — in the 17th and 18th centuries, anyway — illegitimate girls often got called Ruth. And the association of whiteness with better-offness, so that farm-girls whitened their red cheeks with fumitory, and, until very recent times, working-class mothers often insisted that brown bread was indigestible. More substantial is Maureen Duffy's outlining of how the extreme hardships of the 1840s produced that stoic working-class culture which persists up to the present day, elbowing reality aside with a wry joke or a slang euphemism (the weekly wage always used to be 'dough' or 'spondulics'), aiming, rather like Thaxted's yeoman, at comfort yet resisting change.

Here and there the monotonous roster of names gets infiltrated by a few mavericks: Patient Jarvis, buried a pauper in 1791 (two years later only nine out of 39 burials in Thaxted were not of paupers), or Abigail Jealous, upon whom a Jarvis fathered a bastard in 1695. Incidentally, the only members of the families actually to be arraigned for crimes appear to be yet another Thomas Jarvis, who was sentenced and branded for stealing £3 7s 1½d. in 1656, then Abraham, summoned three years later for grinding corn on a Sunday. But it is the humdrum events that remain the most revealing, particularly the way Parish funds were used to anticipate the Welfare State. In 1710 a doctor was paid £3 8s. 6d. for attending — unavailingly — Thomas Jarvis; then £1 6s 3d. was given to Jarvis's dependants, 14s. 4d expended on a coffin, a shroud and 'laying him forth', and 2s. 0d. for the grave and knell. Finally, for the widow to support her family – half-a-crown, to buy a spinning wheel.

As for the earliest Jarvises and Gilders, it always difficult, apart from poets and the ir amoratas they wrote about, to believe in th reality, the fleshiness, of those English wh were around before, say, 1600. Yet the foragings through the Essex Parish records d help to point up some of the likenesses (tl differences lie in less accessible areas). Lis help a lot, like the inventory of creature con forts which Thomas Jarvis bequeathed to h granddaughter in 1588 (the year the Armac

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was defeated), including — just to stick to kitchen utensils — one great kettle, one cauldron, one brass pot, one quern to grind malt in, one latten mortar, one chafing dish, one latten ball candlestick, six pewter platters, one pewter basin and one pewter pot. In other words, Maureen Duffy comments,

> the means to make food and drink, to keep it hot, dishes to put it in, plates to eat it off, and light by which to see what you're eating. The modern dinner party needs no more.

Martin Bailey

No Longer Small

Third-class Ticket by HEATHER WOOD *Routledge* £8.50

It was a most remarkable journey, a fairy tale adventure: when a benevolent Bengali landowner died in 1969, she left her wealth to pay for 40 village elders to travel around India in a third-class railway carriage. The old landlady's instructions were simple:

> You see, I want my villagers to see all of India. I want them to go to the great ruins, and the temples, and the palaces of the great gods. I want them to see Delhi. To visit the government houses. I want them to go from Himalaya to Cape Comorin and back again. They must see it all.
>
> My village is a small, poor one in Bengal. The people there know nothing except that they are very poor. They do not know that India is very big and very beautiful as well as very poor. I want them to learn that, and to find out how other villagers survive and teach their children. I want my villagers to see India, then the village will no longer be small. Make a tour of all India.

Third-class Ticket tells the true story of this amazing voyage. Most of the intrepid travellers had hardly stepped outside their own village before the old landlady's death. But soon afterwards the 40 elders were to share a railway carriage for several months on a journey that would take them the length and breadth of the Indian sub-continent.

The book is a delightfully sensitive and moving account by a Canadian woman who herself has travelled widely over India. But the story is written so well that it appears to come from the villagers themselves, and it is hardly apparent that the narrator is actually a foreigner.

India, to the villagers, is a strange concept. In the holy city of Banares a young university student tells the visitor that India is the biggest democracy in the world. 'What is democracy?' one of the villagers asks. A thousand miles later, in Delhi, the group is taken to the Parliament building. Initially the shabbily dressed villagers are refused entry ('Surely they must be family servants. These could not be voters,' the official remarks loudly). In the end a friendly Bengali clerk takes them for a guided tour of the Lower House. One of the villagers, Surenda, again asks about democracy — 'We are always told by the money-lender where to put the mark' — and anyway 'how would we know where to put the mark on the paper?' The clerk patiently explains that one should vote for the person who would do what is right in the national assembly. Surenda still doesn't really understand. 'But why should any man in Delhi be concerned with our village? It is we who must mend the ditches and plant the paddy,' he says.

Quickly horizons widen. Reena, the village storyteller, begins to read, and soon builds up a seemingly endless stock of tales. Cultivator Jaydev visits a farm with a modern irrigation system; he becomes determined to repair the broken pump back home when he returns. The village potter, Mitu, discovers that he has a gift for sketching. Almost all the elders find themselves developing new skills and interests which had been denied to them by the confines of rural life.

Death twice interrupts the voyage. Ashin, the schoolteacher who had led the group on the first stage of the journey, is struck down by pneumonia after an exhausting walk one day high in the mountains. Medical treatment would almost certainly have saved him, but he died in the railway carriage soon after Bombay had been reached.

The second victim also died tragically. Amiya, an elderly woman, gradually broke down from the mental trauma of the tour. One of her companions later explained: 'She was broken. She had meddled with the fates and failed.' The old landlady had wanted us to learn from this journey, but 'Amiya was not willing to learn'.

One morning, just as dawn was breaking, Amiya crawled out of her bunk in the third-class carriage which was the villagers' temporary home. She threw herself in front of an incoming train, and immediately was crushed to death.

Terence Ranger

Church Militant

The Catholic Church and Zimbabwe, 1879-1979 by A. J. DACHS & W. F. REA *Mambo Press, Gwelo* $9.45

The Catholic Church and the Struggle for Zimbabwe by IAN LINDEN *Longman* £9.50 & £3.95

The past, present and future of the Catholic Church in Zimbabwe have manifestly become of more than ecclesiological interest; most of our reliable information about the impact of the war on rural Africans came from the Catholic Commission for Justice and Peace; during the recent election campaign the major Catholic printing press was blown up as part of the anti-Mugabe dirty tricks exercise; at the independence celebrations the liturgical role hitherto played on Rhodesian state occasions by an Anglican bishop was assumed by the African Catholic Archbishop. As the Dachs and Rea volume reminds us, 1979 saw the centenary of Catholicism in Rhodesia; these two books offer us some insight into the possibilities of its next hundred years.

In their very different ways these are both privileged books. Dachs and Rea were given, by the Rhodesian Catholic Bishops' Conference, 'completely unrestricted access to all their records and archives'. Ian Linden, on the other hand, draws heavily on the 'documentation' of the Catholic Justice and Peace Commission and the 'insights' of the Catholic Institute of International Relations. Linden's book is offered to the Commission in the hope that it does them justice and honour; Dachs and Rea dedicate theirs to 'the missionaries of Zimbabwe, White and Black'. The great difference between these two insiders' books testifies to both the variety and the contradictions of the Church that they have been inside.

Dachs and Rea offer a history of the enterprise of Catholicism in Rhodesia/Zimbabwe from its beginnings. Perhaps inevitably, given so complex a structure, theirs is largely a history of institutions; less inevitably, it takes until almost halfway through a book devoted to exploring the Africanisation of the church before we are given any account of the African agents of evangelisation. Linden, on the other hand, is writing as a critic of the institutional church and as an advocate of a church situated with a radicalised African people. The two books interact on the topic which forms the great bulk of Linden's treatment and the last two chapters of Dachs and Rea — the confrontation between the Church and the Rhodesia Front regime. There is a suggestive contrast of interpretation.

Dachs and Rea certainly do not equivocate. In their eyes the Church was right to stand out against the state; in faith to its traditions and to its divine commission it could do no other. The confrontation is seen solely in terms of principle. The Church stood out against racism and authoritarianism; its stand became more radical because what it had to denounce became ever more odious. There were no compromises and no retreats. The Church was undeterred by the incomprehending hostility of many white Catholics; by 1979, claim Dachs and Rea, there were clear signs that the Church's stand on principle had begun to effect a change of heart among Catholic Europeans. It is a tale of justified heroism.

Linden's story is much more complex. For him, the Church's stand has been imperfect and compromised. It began with a change in the class base of the white rulers of the territory; with the rise of the Rhodesia Front, the old, easy relationships of informal influence which the Church had once enjoyed with the establishment gave way to mutual incomprehension. The bishops reacted initially by spelling out their terms for a new concordat, speaking, says Linden, in the language of one sovereign power to another. The Rhodesia Front responded by attacking the institutional Church. They threatened the land-holdings of the Church; they proposed to transfer control of its schools into local African community hands. These government policies were designed to enforce segregation and local impoverishment. They had to be opposed. But in Linden's view church opposition was compromised by its vested interest; this was the Church of Property making a stand. Moreover, Linden continues, the theology of even the most outspoken opponents of the government was archaic and inadequate. It looked back to the state/Church confrontations of the 1930s and enunciated a doctrine of the limited state which could not hope to be a guide to the realities of modern Africa. Of course, Linden does not suggest that the Commission for Justice and Peace was motivated by a desire to punish government for its attacks on church property and institutions, though he does imply that it too suffered from an inadequately radical theology. The point rather is that the Commission did its work

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

within the framework of a broader conflict between the institutional Church and the state — a conflict which created room for the Commission's work but also restricted its scope.

Linden believes that a new sort of Church, prepared to merge itself with the revolutionary expectations of God's people, must emerge in Zimbabwe if Catholicism is to survive and prosper. Dachs and Rea do not speculate; they carry their story to 1979 and then rest on its record. But in two ways their book suggests modifications to Linden's interpretation.

To begin with, they describe the institutions which he condemns; show their variety, and their increasing Africanisation. In a Zimbabwe which faces the collapse of almost all rural institutions and which needs above all to build up networks of schools, clinics, training centres and so on, the institutional fertility of the Catholic Church may yet prove pertinent. And Dachs and Rea discuss a development which Linden leaves on one side as irrelevant — namely the adaptation of Catholic teaching and ritual to African 'tradition'. They show this happening in the theology and practice of death rites and of marriage. Linden assumes that a new radical Zimbabwe will have little time for a 'tradition' which is often in itself a creation of the colonial era. But he may be wrong: to judge by recent statements, the Mugabe regime is as culturally nationalist as it is socialist. A recent issue of *Moto,* the Catholic African paper, contains an article in which it is remarked that Mugabe's cock crowed in the election victory 'to restore our traditions'. Maybe there will turn out to be more strength in the achievements recorded by Dachs and Rea than Linden would readily allow. But of one thing there can be no doubt: the courage of the radicals within the Church during the war allows them to enter the new Zimbabwe in their own position of privileged access.

Paul Muldoon

Kissing and Telling

Or she would turn up *The Songs of Leonard Cohen*
On the rickety, old gramophone.

And you knew by the way she unbounded her tresses
And stepped from her William Morris dresses

You might just as well be anyone . . .

Goat's-milk cheeses, Navajo rugs,
Her reading aloud from *A Dictionary of Drugs* —

She made wine of almost everything.

How many of those she found out on the street
And fetched back to her attic room —

To promise nothing, to take nothing for granted —

How many would hold by the axiom
In which her green-and-burning tree was grounded?

I could name names. I could be indiscreet.

Brian Martin

Tense Questions

Sir Henry and Sons: a Memoir by THOMAS HINDE *Macmillan* £6.95
Mr Nicholas by THOMAS HINDE *Macmillan* £6.95
Daymare by THOMAS HINDE *Macmillan* £6.95
A Forgotten Season by KATHLEEN CONLON *Collins* £5.95
The Killing of Nelson John by CLYDE HOSEIN *London Magazine* £5.50
Forfeits by ANNE DEARAN *Granada* £4.95

In *Sir Henry and Sons,* written affectedly in the historic present, 'two months before the 1926 General Strike, I am born and presently christened. . . ', Thomas Hinde blows his cover. He is really Sir Thomas Chitty, the third baronet, and like the 14th Earl of Home, there is not much you can do about it. The book is full of domestic trivia and Waugh-like incidents concerning the haute bourgeoisie — Sir Henry was shot through the chest by a fellow officer and ends up running a prep school in East Anglia with eccentric masters like Pop Hardwich and Major Clark, worthy of rôles in *Decline and Fall.* But it is all of little consequence. We learn that Winchester College's lavs lacked doors: so did Ravensbruck's, and we have heard this about Marlborough too. We note that Sir Henry mistakenly thought the Cherrypickers are called 'the death or glory boys' when this title rightly belongs to the 17th/21st Lancers. The boredom and discomfort of the Midshipman's life has been better described in Charles Morgan's *The Gunroom,* censured by the Admiralty and as a consequence temporarily withdrawn from publication.

The memoir really does not add up to much. Better for T. Hinde to have maintained the anonymity of a B. Traven.

Mr Nicholas, first published in 1952, is reissued. It survives well; an autobiographical novel written reassuringly in the past tense. Peter, reading law at Oxford, returns home to Surrey suburbia and has to deal with his idiosyncratic father whose name the novel takes, a long-suffering, self-effacing mother, and his two wayward brothers, one of whom, David, runs off with a homosexual retired army officer who he thinks is moulding his character for the better. The tensions of family life and the difficulties of close communications are brilliantly observed and recorded. The dialogue is easily recognisable as the real thing and of course gives life to Hinde's characters: this element the memoir lacks.

Hinde's same qualities of observation and analysis of relationships are carried over into his latest novel *Daymare,* about 48 hours in the life of a Berkshire village isolated in a time of contemporary revolution by the BBC's going off the air, and a selfish farmer felling oaks across the life-line road to Newbury. Again the historic present is used, obviously Hinde's current style, which in this case successfully reinforces the immediacy of events.

The novel is not without its sex and violence. The hero, even in the midst of troubles, manages to make it to bed with a free-wheeling slut called Dru. Her strip scene and their couplings are described in the usual banal way: 'She touches his person.' It is not a happy novel. The villagers are innocents when set against the world outside. Their familiar images derive from 'the mechanical good cheer of Terry Wogan' and *Dad's Army.* The real army turns out to behave like Pinochet's or Pol Pot's.

Kathleen Conlon's *A Forgotten Season* is set in the summer of 1952 at the sea-side. It concerns mainly a literary ten-year old girl, Veronica ('If she could have chosen a father it would have been Monsieur Paul Emmanuel out of *Villette* or Sir Percy Blakeney'), commonly referred to by the author as 'the child' Into the working-class life of her family comes the breezy Charlie who captivates everyone with his flashy charm and who philanders with her mother, Nancy. Kathleen Conlon writes with a moving, compassionate understanding of her characters and gives 1952 its correct period flavour. It is the time of permanent waves, Craven A, Senior Service and Du Maurier ('pansy fags') cigarettes, *The Rainbow* comic, Saxa Salt tins, and records of Cavar O'Connor.

There lingers the shadow of that old maste Hardy in Kathleen Conlon's work, as it doe in Hinde's. Towards the climax when Nanc tries to escape with Charlie the hum-drun drabness of her life, Heaven's fury explodes i an apocalyptic thunderstorm to set her bac on her ordinary course. In *Mr Nicholas* whe trouble brewed: 'The heavy thunderclouds pil ed on the horizon and dispersed and pile again.' Hardy's old backdrops come in handy *A Forgotten Season* is carefully writter though, and absorbing. When 'the weathe has changed' and the sun is shining, the sens of nostalgia for the world of Vitmo drinks an *Reynolds News* is real and inviting.

Clyde Hosein's short stories are set i Trinidad and its fictitious neighbour, Pari They are rich in local colour, poinsettia jumble-bead shrubs and coconut trees, and h characters are haunted by night-snakes, fro in latrines and geckoes. They are tragi-com people, filled with buoyant self-confidenc often defeated by their own clumsiness, ar yet like Shakespeare's rustics have a ru philosophic resignation of their ow Sometimes they escape to North America England and at least fulfil themselves in t minds of those who stay behind. Old K nahan in 'Crow' closes the account wit 'Crow's doing really well. He got another pr motion. Assistant Night Shift Supervisor. C that, *Supervisor!* The man's top brass in th factory in Leeds.'

Forfeits is an inflated woman's magazi romance. A 36-year-old married woman fa in love with a 16-year-old Austrian lodg Led on by the author's obsessional insisten we witness the ageing Venus tutor her Ado in the lists of love.

Anne Dearan works overtime trying secure authenticity of circumstantial detail a the result is tiresome parody. Bournemouth cedars, rhododendrons and 'grey-hai matrons with their green M & S bags'. T boy, Oliver, 'very nervously and shyly' kis his mistress on her 'Mary Quant blusher'. the end of this tawdry affaire we are remembering that Oliver, 'his sweet breath his soft cheek soft and hairless as an apric scooped up his plate as if it 'were some piec fragile porcelain rather than a leftover f the last Tupperware Party'. It is with Tupperware that this book belongs: it is a p of tedious suburban rubbish.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Problems & Prospects

STUART HOOD on the British Film Institute's summer school

There is a story that when a group of independent film-makers went to see Aubrey Singer, then in charge of BBC2, to press for the serious discussion of independent films and their transmissions on the air, Singer declared: 'I'm not having that kind of film on *my* television.' The anecdote has a terrible ring of plausibility. Most Establishment cultural figures — in my experience — are unfamiliar with, disturbed by and deeply suspicious of independent film whose 'problems and prospects' were the theme of this year's British Film Institute summer school at the University of Kent. It would perhaps be doing these people some slight injustice to postulate that they would have been equally rejecting of all the material shown at the school. Thus there would presumably be no great aesthetic or political problems for them in the work of such artists from the Twenties and Thirties as Man Ray, Fernand Léger and Moholy-Nagy; nor would René Clair, Jean Vigo or Joris Ivens cause difficulties. There would be no problems either with work from the Grierson school — Cavalcanti's *Coalface* (verse-chorus by Auden, music by Britten) or Anstey and Elton's *Housing Questions* (the first film to give working-class men and women a voice of their own). As for the more obviously political work of Ivor Montague in *Peace and Plenty*, a scathing attack on the National Government, of Norman McLaren and Helen Bigger in their animation anti-war film *Hell Unlimited* or of Ralph Bond with his *Workers' Newsreels* of the hunger-marches, all that is now hallowed by time and history.

Where the trouble would begin is with post-war figures like Warhol, whose graphics are acceptable but whose films are seen as boring or rude or both. Stan Brakhage's intensely poetic vision, as in the film of the birth of his first child *Window, Water, Baby, Moving*, is strange and uncomfortable to people to whom film means essentially straight documentary or narrative. But what the Establishment most dislikes is film-making which both breaks the accepted codes of cinema and lays claim to a deeper radicalism. Straub's 23-minute drama *The Bridegroom, the Comedienne and the Pimp,* also shown at the school, will serve as an example. Consisting of only 12 shots of which the first is a four-minute unbroken travelling shot of prostitutes lining the streets in a German city (the sound-track is Bach), it also contains a potted version of a play of Bruckner and the love story of a black man and an ex-prostitute. It is, says Straub, 'a little like the Last Judgement of the Third World on our world' and is, in his view, both the most aleatory and the most political of his films. Here we begin to feel the edge of the threat to the Establishment; for it is the claim of independent film-makers to be both aesthetically and politically innovatory'. Innovation of one kind or the other has therefore been the aim of the independent film-making groups which have emerged in Britain in the last decade: the London Women's Film Group, Independent Cinema West, the Newsreel Collective, Cinema Action, the Sheffield Film Co-op, the Berwick Street Collective are only a few of the groups dedicated to new models of film production and new styles of film-making, usually as a medium for radical politics. Many of their members have come together in the Independent Film-makers Association from which a delegation went in the first days of its existence to see Singer and got the answer we know.

Cinema Action was represented at the school by *The Miners' Film*, an account of the part played by the miners in 1974 in bringing down Heath. Condemned by the aesthetes and post-Freudians of the independent movement as 'workerist', they believe that film can be used to raise consciousness and to celebrate the class struggle. In this film they were with some reason accused of a sentimental view of the working class and of ignoring the contradictions within it; but where else has one seen miners talking on film with such passion of their memories — of 1926 — and of their hopes of a different social order? It was certainly more effective that the Newsreel Collective's *Divide and Rule — Never!*, a documentary on racism which was entangled in the conventions of television with its interviews, loose shots to cover commentary and a notable lack of political analysis. The women's cause was represented by *Jobs for the Girls* by the Sheffield Film Co-op; an account of the difficulties encountered by a young woman when trying to become a motor-mechanic, it had the accessibility (who says it may not be necessary?) and predictability of a soap opera episode. At the other end of the scale was Sally Potter's sophisticated, allusive *Thriller* — an investigation into who or what really killed Mimi in *La Bohème*: exploitation. Jan Worth's *Taking a Part* had two young women give an account of their work as prostitutes in a topless club which advertises in the quality press. By making them read from scripts they had themselves written — scripts from which they, as it were, took off from time to time — the director achieved a true alienation effect. She works in long takes, dimensions, eschewing physical or mental voyeurism. It was a film which by contrast makes TV's recent treatment of the same subject, *On the Game*, with its mixture of prurience and moral indignation look poor and tawdry.

Close to *Thriller* in subject-matter was *The Song of the Shirt* in the making of which Sue Clayton and Jonathan Curling were prime movers. This in its full version is a very long, dense but highly original study of the condition of women garment-workers at the time of Chartism. Using evidence to government commissions, contemporary popular fiction, cartoons and texts and combining them with still photography, re-enactments and dramatisations, the film presents evidence from which the audience is invited to draw its own conclusions about an area of social history. It is not an easy film but certainly an ambitious and intelligent one. This must surely be the kind of work that the Fourth Channel should bring to the screen. Or will the political thrust of the film prove too radical?

The same goes for Phil Mulloy's *In the Forest*, made on a BFI Production Board grant and one of the most original films to be made in Britain in recent years. Through the adventures of three peasants — two men and the woman who is their companion, sex object and beast of burden — it traces the history of the English peasantry from the Middle Ages to the Industrial Revolution. Its style is a mixture of realism and fantasy that borders on the surrealist and — it must be said — teeters at moments on the edge of the Monty Pythons. Shot in black and white and visually memorable, the film is dominated by the dark of the forest from which enemies emerge in the shape of feudal lords, robbers, swindlers and the plague. In a clearing the woman invokes her only ally, the devil; as the camera pans through 360 degrees there is on the soundtrack a litany of women's names — hanged, burned to ashes, burned, hanged and burned. This is an epic film in the Brechtean sense and as such worth half-a-dozen carefully dressed BBC epics or all the culture-vulturism of *Chronicle*.

So independent film continues to be made. The sources of funds are few: the BFI, the Arts Council, the Greater London Arts Association and similar bodies. The Independent Film-makers Association believes the state has a duty to foster such work. Its policy-makers, who laudably define independence as 'the preservation and development of critical thought', have a reputation as good politicians; but sooner or later they must face the fact that the state is not neutral, that it imposes terms on its beneficiaries. As Grierson pointed out in the Thirties the state 'does not easily allow of forthright discussions of highly controversial problems'. He paid his price. What price is the Association prepared to pay?

Television

Julian Barnes

Media Martyr

On *Panorama* (BBC-1) Gwynfor Evans, President of Plaid Cymru, described his forthcoming hunger strike in pursuit of a few extra hours of television in Welsh. There are currently, we learned, about 15 hours of television in Welsh, split between two channels; the Conservatives in their manifesto promised 25 hours, all on Channel Four, and are now going back on the latter aspect of that promise. Both sides seemed more than a little brushed with unreality. Nicholas Edwards, Secretary of State for Wales, ludicrously termed Evans's plan 'an act of violence'; while the violent man himself (a lifelong pacifist) proposed a fairly lofty touchstone for his own behaviour: 'There may be violence if I am allowed to die, as there would have been violence if Gandhi had been allowed to die.'

He also claimed, interestingly (but necessarily for his case), that 'the language

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

depends on the Fourth Channel'. The argument for Welsh culture wasn't put very strongly by the programme — there were the usual clips of bards wearing bedlinen — but one couldn't help wondering about the intrinsic vigour (and right to survive) of anything which needs television *that* much. In the meantime, the possibility of the first media martyr seems distinct: there was something in Evans's quiet, schoolmasterly manner that made you take him far more seriously than a hysteric with a teatowel on his head.

Elsewhere on TV, the current concern is for staying as alive as possible, and getting the BBC to pay for you in the process. On *Medical Express* (BBC-1), for instance, Chris Serle is about to be hypnotised into giving up smoking; a useful presenter's perk. While on *Looking Good, Keeping Fit* (BBC-1), an amiable ragbag of health and beauty tips, Richard Stilgoe and Gillian Reynolds are toning themselves up no end. Stilgoe, to give him his due, seems to land fewer of the freebies: his role is to come on looking like What Happens if Advice is Disregarded (the makeup department must have used a whole pot of vermilion on him for the sunburn number) and sing mournful antibody ditties. Wielding the same white guitar he once plucked for Tony Snow and the Blizzards, he gave us his rendition of the charming Pimple Calypso ('Don't pick it, it'll make it worse/And a secondary picket is worse than a first').

Ms Reynolds, meanwhile, hauls in the handouts. In 30 minutes this week she packed in a free haircut, lengthy makeup advice, had her circulation stimulated in an NHS jacuzzi, and firmed up her thigh muscles with little electric shocks. The bit I didn't envy her was when she had her legs wrapped in plastic bags and thrust into a giant pair of blue boots, which were then inflated for 'air pressure treatment': she must have felt like Woody Allen in *Sleeper,* about to bounce all over the countryside in his barrage balloon outfit. The other good comic moment came when Ms Reynolds asked a hairdresser what basic advice he would give for looking after your hair. 'The most important thing,' he replied, 'is cutting the ends off before it gets too old.' Now what sort of section in Yellow Pages would you look under if you wanted *that* done?

There wasn't, alas, anything as droll as this on *Girl Talk* (ATV), a new comedy series scripted and produced entirely by women. It proved what we might perhaps have been able to guess: that women, if given the chance, can write stridently coarse, unfunny and mildly blaspheming comic sketches just as badly as men; and that they too can turn the trick whereby the mere mention of West Ham United produces Force 7 on the clapometer. The presence of a token man in the production team wouldn't, of course, have made it any better; but might have helped avoid solecisms (on the eve of the football season) like 'the Kop end at Highbury'.

As for the Glorious Sixteenth itself, it got off to a characteristically gratifying start, with Malcolm Allison in *On the Ball* (LWT) reiterating his annual (and increasingly weary) fantasy that 'I wanna win prizes this season'; nine hours later, on *The Big Match* (LWT), the first stuttering word of Football's reply to him came through, as his guileless Manchester City team were thoroughly chewed up by a suddenly likeable Southampton. (Why does one hate clubs like Everton and Man City so much? Is it partly a puritan disapproval of money foolishly spent?)

As for the off-the-pitch contest, *The Big Match* comfortably outpointed *Match of the Day* (LWT). Both had new graphics (*MOD* dropping the Moscow-style placards of Jimmy Hill; *TBM* going for some high-speed helicopter shots of grass and a few cheapo-surreal fade-in effects); and *TBM* also has a crappy new theme tune by Jeff Wayne. Both offered new features (*MOD's* fan-meets-manager slot, the livelier idea, suffered from over-politeness first time out). Still, it's all (as they say) about football, and *TBM* landed twice as many goals as *MOD* (who had put their money on a costive Nottingham Forest and an early-season Ipswich); Jimmy Hill was even reduced at the top of the programme to billing a second-division sending-off as one of the delights in store. One serious protest: on *Football Focus* at Saturday lunchtime Hill asked Bob Wilson if he was going to a match that afternoon; Bob mentioned Leicester v Ipswich. And guess what was the second match shown on Sunday afternoon? If I were Leicester City's solicitor, I reckon the lads might have a case there.

Theatre

Christopher Edwards

Monochrome

The Life of Galileo by BERTOLD BRECHT *Olivier*
Othello by SHAKESPEARE *Aldwych*
Writer's Cramp by JOHN BYRNE *Hampstead Theatre*

After the three and a half hours are over you realise that Brecht's reductive commitments announced themselves in the very first scene and never looked back. There, Galileo briefly describes the Ptolemaic system of a hierarchical universe with a fixed earth at its centre. He then expounds the Copernican view — a view verified by his own research and recruited by Brecht as a tool for the 'demystification' of society. If it is proved that the earth, in fact, goes round the sun, then the old system is shown up not as a natural but as an artificial order; and what applies to planets in the cosmic hierarchy applies to bodies in the social hierarchy — to the Pope and to the ruling classes.

What Brecht has done to Galileo is to turn him into an inspired artisan, a sort of spontaneous genius of labour with whose crudely empirical methods of investigation the working man can readily identify — as if, in some way, the inductive thinker were less alienated from his material than the deductive one! There is a stunning banality about this approach to the subject, but it is carried through with a solemnity which allows Brecht to appear patronising when he presents it on stage.

It may be objected that these complaints are rooted in frustrated bourgeois expectations — expectations Brecht handled elsewhere in his critical writings; but for anyone not in thrall to either the international reputation or the theory of stage, what actually *is* the experience of his kind of theatre? It is like being buttonholed by a solemn bore reshuffling his idées fixes.

Eliot wrote that 'wit involves the recognition, implicit in the expression of every experience, that other kinds of experience are possible'. It is not just that Brecht's monochromatic view of the world denies the sense that there are other possible experiences; he deadens by being so humourless, not that he doesn't dimly recognise the need for the occasional spot of levity. There must be at least six jokes strategically planted like silver sixpences in a Christmas pudding.

This said however, it is impossible to accuse Brecht of incompetence. His episodic treatment of Galileo's life inevitably (and deliberately) breaks up any sense of dramatic continuity, but he knew what he wanted to say. Like other German propagandists of his time he seems to have learned something from Hollywood — namely, the art of creating a striking image for a simplified idea. What you take away from this production is a series o disconnected but sharp pictures — such a when, in the enthusiastic presence of the in fant Cosimo de' Medici, the schoolmen engage in a disputation with Galileo at hi wooden bench. They refuse to look through his telescope (to the disappointment of th boy) and reject his theories because they con tradict Aristotle.

Or again, later on, there is an un forgettable scene where the Pope, as he listen to his Cardinal Inquisitor arguing wh Galileo's views must not gain currency, i dressed by his attendants in stunning whit and gold. When clothed in his full papal pom he stands up and decrees that the most he wi allow is for Galileo to be shown the ir struments of torture. As the Inquisitc predicts, this is quite enough to persuad Galileo to recant and he spends the last eigh years of his life under well-fed house arres secretly completing his famous work, th *Discorsi.*

It is said that as a director, Brecht cou make even a donkey act; Michael Gambon more tractable material. He portrays Galil as, at first, a bear-like sensualist with t power of thought. Later, after the recantatic and in old age he is still a massive man wl loves good food, but humbled now by a sen of having betrayed his profession. The troub is that Gambon, like all the other actors, often forced back into the arid and static rc of arguing a point of view in a debate which rigged.

Brecht's influence on European drama h been, still is, considerable, but his status a major dramatist and playwright of ideas mains a mystery; you begin to won whether, after all, Bernard Shaw hasn't be too hard done by!

Despite the blacked-up face and roll eyes, there is more nurture than nature

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Donald Sinden's Othello. He is almost too civilised and English to be the Moor of Venice. In one scene Othello rummages through Desdemona's laundry, feverishly inspecting her sheets for tell-tale stains which might prove her adultery. As well as jealousy Sinden expresses a sort of self-disgust at having fallen short of an ideal of patrician self-control. What he lacks is martial presence — an undisputed physical prowess available if he needs it and this takes some of the grandeur from the character — for instance there is no thrill of lazy authority to be heard in lines like . . . 'Keep up your bright swords for the dew will rust them.'

But Sinden's performance, if not classic, is classical. He has a beautiful speaking voice and, apart from the occasional strange noise produced when he tries to force it into a North African modulation, his formal declamation lets the poetry carry across the extremes of his feelings.

The impeccable diction, the manners and the grace of movement create an irresistible aristocratic superiority over Bob Peck's excellent Iago. Peck speaks his lines with the conversational ease of someone who's just made it all up and he brings out the childish quality in Iago's improvisation, constantly keeping his eyes on his victims to see how far he can push them this time and switching to a whining self-righteousness when he isn't being believed.

His matter-of-fact account of Desdemona's infidelity, as if all women get up to that in the end, fits in with Suzanne Bertish's lack of pudeur; it's not that she's loose, but she has appetites. Her willingness to follow Othello from Venice is matched by a willingness to follow him into bed, but Sinden's hovering sensuality suggests that he's never quite sure he possesses her. Right at the start the pained and bewildered look in his face when he sees her glance at Cassio points to this insecurity and Sinden gives it a poignant touch at the end; as he falls upon her prostrate body with the words 'Killing myself to die upon a kiss', he expires before he can meet her lips.

Writer's Cramp is a revival of John Byrne's spoof tribute to the deservedly obscure genius of F. S. McDade, Scotland's answer to the Renaissance Man. Part poet, painter, playwright but mainly a penner of sponging and paranoid letters, his contributions to higher journalism include titles like 'Work-shy pensioners in Scottish Hospitals'.

Based on McDade's utterly dismal career through prep school, Oxford ('Memoirs of Gown and Gout'), the army, prison and lodgings somewhere in Canning Town, this is really a collection of brilliant sketches cemented together by a camp Muggeridge narrator who masticates his way through a morass of metaphors, getting ever drunker and more maudlin as he gets nearer to his hero's demise.

There are a prolific number of virtuoso send-ups and running gags in this piece and no obvious reason why they should end; McDade eventually arrives at his death-bed, laid low, it seems, by the inexplicable failure of his musical adaptation of Dr Spock's *Baby and Child Care.*

The play first came to light three years ago at the Edinburgh Festival fringe and I only hope that Benedict Nightingale, who resumes his column next week, has the good luck to hit upon something as funny during the purgations of the next fortnight.

Rock

Mark Kidel

Back-Room Eno

Contemporary rock rumbles with electronic sounds: all those synthesiser manufacturers have done an excellent job of selling their gleaming gadgets and toys. From the robotic dance music of Kraftwerk to the Human's League near-inhuman synthesiser-loaded pop, machines with rows of knobs and a tangle of wires are very big business. The present wave of synthesised sound probably owes more to Brian Eno than to any one other musician in the rock world. He was the first, back in the early Seventies, to play the synthesiser and nothing else, standing like a lab assistant at the edge of the stage with Roxy Music. He undoubtedly provided one of the key elements in the band's futuristic sound, but because he is more of a serious artist than a dedicated rock'n'roller, Eno has usually played a back-room role — albeit a very important one.

As producer, co-worker, catalyst and composer, he has always worked at the experimental front of contemporary music, in an area that defies classification, somewhere between rock, free jazz and 'serious' electronic music. But in contrast to the vast majority of those who have followed in his footsteps, Eno has never been seduced by the gadgetry with which he has chosen to surround himself. He uses it to explore a wide variety of sounds, alongside traditional electric and acoustic instruments, always with enough artistic discipline to avoid the vulgarity and superficiality into which others have so easily strayed.

Eno has made a series of very inventive 'popular' solo albums; but he has also worked brilliantly as a producer and collaborator — most notably on Talking Heads's *More Songs about Buildings and Food* and their more recent *Fear of Music,* both albums representing some of the most exciting music to come out of the USA in the last five years. He also produced the first — and undoubtedly best — LP by Devo, the bizarre combo from Akron that never fulfilled the promise of its early days. He came closest to a star role when he joined and obviously strongly influenced David Bowie, for the creation of *Heroes* and *Low,* pushing Bowie into areas of musical experiment that lay well beyond the superstar's usually more mainstream material. Eno must, in so doing, have helped prepare the younger public's taste for the complex and often very difficult sounds produced by groups like Wire, Pink Military, Magazine and Joy Division.

It is in the field of 'minimal' music, however, that Eno's contribution has been most interesting: as the founder of Obscure Records, he has sponsored records by Gavin Bryars, Tom Phillips, Max Eastley and David Toop, none of them part of the established avant-garde, but all of them fascinating explorers of an alternative sound world, a universe as distant from the conservatories of music as it is from *Top of the Pops.* Eno has also made a number of highly experimental recordings himself, none of them best-sellers, but all of them worthy of attention: *Discreet Music, Music for Films, Music for Airports,* and a couple of highly worthwhile collaborations with guitarist Robert Fripp (*No Pussyfooting* and *Evening Star*) — slow-moving excursions in the tradition of Steve Reich, Terry Riley and Philip Glass. EG Records have just released two new Eno albums, and both of them have missed the coverage that an obvious pigeon-hole would have guaranteed. *Ambient Music 2 — The Plateaux of Mirror* (EGAMB002) was made with pianist Harold Budd. This is Eno's second excursion into 'ambient music', background music that is nothing like Muzak, because it turns the listener deeply inwards, into meditation rather than *rêverie,* a music that gently induces moods and emotions, but without the almost criminal manipulation whereby the Muzak Corporation programmes a day's factory sounds to counteract the workforce's natural ups and downs. Eno demands emotional involvement, while Muzak distracts — always subliminally — and dampens emotions.

Eno offers cyclical rather than linear music: it has no simple development, climaxes or resolution. There is no instant reward, nothing to satisfy the appetite of the listener who comes to music as a consumer to a supermarket. Listening to *Ambient Music* requires a re-adjustment, the abandoning of certain expectations, for this is the musical equivalent of the shift from product to process in visual art — and it should not be forgotten that Eno comes, as so many other new musicians, from an art school background. The quality of such music lies in miniscule changes in rhythm, texture and tonal colours, in a slow ebb and flow, the passage of time slowed right down by the magic of repetition. While he works towards producing definite moods, Eno is not in the business of making programme music: ambient music does not conjure up images as might Beethoven's Pastoral or a Strauss symphonic poem. It is closer to the *maqam, dastgah* or *raga* of Arab, Persian and Indian styles, a rediscovery of music's direct effect on the inner senses, as a tool for healing and transformation.

On *Fourth World Vol. I — Possible Musics*

JM 12
John Moores
Liverpool Exhibition XII
Notice to Artists
Sending in days, September 15-20 1980
£13,500 in prize money
Leaflets available from: The Secretary,
Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool L3 8EL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(EG Records EGED 7) Eno has joined trumpeter and composer Jon Hassell, an American pupil of Stockhausen, and like US avant-garde minimalists Lamont Young and Terry Riley, a disciple of Indian master-singer Pran Nath. *Possible Musics* shows the direct influence of ethnic music from Africa and Australia, with intricate and trance-like rhythms on congas and ghatam, a web of synthesiser drones from Eno, and breathy trumpet from Hassell, twisted and distorted beyond recognition by electronic treatment: silky-smooth rather than strident, close to the *ney* of the Mevlevi dervishes, and in some ways a sequel to the softest sounds ever produced by Miles Davis. It is all the more powerful for its audible and felt connection to the man's breath, the most direct and outward manifestation of his inward state. This is, sadly, not the sort of music that you are likely to hear much on Radio 3; neither will you hear it on Radio 1. It is, however, something very new and absolutely refreshing — not flawless or imbued with genius, but an opportunity to float along with sounds, textures and colours that represent a brave attempt to sketch out a small part of a new universe, one that knows no boundaries and categories, a music that is truly planetary.

Films

David Wilson

Soft Punk

Breaking Glass (AA) *ABC, Shaftesbury Avenue*
All That Jazz (X) *Odeon, Haymarket*
The Wishing Tree (A) *Camden Plaza*

Punk rock is less spit in your eye than bend your ear. Purportedly anarchist, it is in fact slavishly conventional, a uniform (and uniformed) shout in the dark. *Breaking Glass,* which celebrates this awful unmusical phenomenon, almost admits as much. 'The experience is shattering,' screams the publicity: about as shattering, in the event, as a mildly laced milk shake. This tame affair is the latest celluloid sortie of the vocal vandals, here embodied in the rags to riches tale of Kate (Hazel O'Connor, spunky but scarcely punky), a snub-nosed Jean Harlow from Ladbroke Grove. What gives pause, in the movie's presumed context, is that Ms O'Connor has a voice passing fair and a song or two which might even elicit a sympathetic nod from the touching-forty, weaned-on-the-Beatles generation. Which was surely not the audience the film was aiming for.

A script which knowingly plants a line on a record company executive nostalgic for Lennon is hedging its generation bets. Hence the plot, which is more old hat than New Wave. Kate is taken up by a hustling young manager (the engaging Phil Daniels) who assembles a band and contrives a career, beginning in seedy pubs where skinheads run rather too decorous riot. Give or take a decade and a decor or two, young Danny might be Mickey Rooney with a Hornsey accent. When his interest turns personal, in a strike-bound Christmas Eve train whose only other passengers seem to be a triptych of German nuns, the love scene is all tentative discretion. There is a coy point to this, echoed in the film's fun with the chart-rigging men from the disc trade. But it fits ill with the serious flip side, which has a vision of London somewhere between *Metropolis* and Michael Moorcock. Kate's songs are machine-mad, paranoid about a monotone future and silicone chips with everything; she herself is moulded, by a Mephistophelian record producer uncomfortably impersonated by Jon Finch, into the silver-clad, neon-lit robot of her own minatory lyrics. Brian Gibson, making his film debut after some notable television credits, matches the fear with a metropolitan bad dream: here a National Front riot (during a 'Rock Against 1984' gathering under the wasteland of Westway), there and there again a nudging bird's-eye view of urban menace. Kate cracks under the strain, and is last seen in a clinic glistening white and ironic. Genuine punk rockers may be less than moved.

All That Jazz is a musical offering of an altogether different breed. Unaccountably trailing four Oscars and a Cannes best film prize, this backstage indulgence has as its centrepiece, if you please, open heart surgery cut in (and the cutting is in close-up) with a song and dance number. Roy Scheider, an evident stand-in for director Bob Fosse, is a heavy drinking, chain-smoking, womanising stage and film director who collapses while working on a new show, a new film and a new woman. Death beckons, in the shape of a Fellini figure in a bridal gown with whom Mr Scheider makes intermittent dialogue. Cue for a review of life, hallucinated from the operating table as the show's backers make boardroom projections about insurance prospects. Boyhood is burlesque and (Fellini again) buxom strippers titillating backstage (our hero comes, up front). The rest is fantasy and flashback, punctuated by intimations of mortality in the recurring form of an early morning routine of eye-drops, vitamins and Vivaldi on a cassette recorder, the camera caressing its 'Total Automatic Shutoff' device. The show goes on, as Scheider divides his time running out between rehearsals and the editing of a film featuring a stand-up comic with a monologue on death. The production numbers are hard lit and muscular, in the Fosse vein. One of them recalls *Cabaret,* this being an autobiographical conceit; another has a Busby Berkeley chorus fan-dancing round their creator's bed in an intensive care unit. The show-stopper, before Scheider has the zip pulled on his plastic shroud, is a cacophonous grotesque — 'Bye bye life . . . I think I'm gonna die'. There is a self-congratulatory air to this unattractive charade, with its rib-pushing symmetry of art and death. If this is the ultimate American dream, death as a Broadway spectacular, it is a nightmare to behold.

The liveliest of Russia's national cinemas comes from Georgia. *The Wishing Tree* was made in 1976 and made an appearance at the London Film Festival two years ago, when it was dubbed into Russian. It now surfaces in the original Georgian language version, a picaresque confection of rural tales. Directed by Tengiz Abuladze from blank verse stories by Giorgi Leonidze, the film meanders through a pre-revolutionary village sketching scenes and characters with a deceptively casual disregard for narrative continuity. There is a randy priest, a widow free with her favours, a visionary who hears the coming revolution by pressing his ear to the earth. No one in the village is less than eccentric, and several are well past madness. All the peasant verities are muttered, and curses hereabouts are colourful ('Puffball head, on top of which a coriander is sprouting'). Gradually a focus is found, involving the love of a local beauty for a beau without the wealth to claim her. The last sequence, as the girl is punished for dalliance by being paraded on a mule and pelted with mud by black-veiled crones uttering oaths, has the kind of brooding, primitive drive which the film elsewhere lacks. But images persist, and there are odd moments of alien resonance.

Among this week's contributors:

BRIAN MARTIN is Lecturer in Modern English at Pembroke College, Oxford, and author of *John Keble: Priest, Professor and Poet* (1976).

PAUL MULDOON's most recent collection of poems, *Why Brownlee Left,* is to be published next month by Faber.

TERENCE RANGER is Professor of Modern History at Manchester University.

JOHN COLEMAN is on holiday. DAVID WILSON, who is standing in for him, is Editorial Director of BFI publishing.

Weekend Competition

No 2631 **Set by Sue de Nimm**

Can we have up-to-date versions of Christina Rossetti's 'January brings the snow', with one line for each month? Oh, and it doesn't *have* to be about the weather. 12 lines (surprise, surprise) by 5 September.

No 2628 **Set by Tim Hopkins**

'Explanations' for professional misdeeds.

Report **By Len the Unlucky**

Ms de Meaner is taking her customary rest cure in Tierra del Fuegos ('weather benign and natives delightfully humble') while Rhodes plays host to Messrs Jugge and Squiffy (something decidedly odd about that pair, mark my words). And here I am, in the echoing, mosquito-infested hell that is the Comp Complex, wondering whether to look up Hopkins in the Luton 'phone book in order to give him an earful. You tried to rescue it, of course — some of the noblest compers even cut their holidays short — but the inspiration simply wasn't there. Perhaps Hopkins wasn't to blame for the weariness of your contributions; it could have been the humidity, or Geoff Boycott's batting. Whatever the excuses, my message to you is simple: Don't Let It Happen Again. A pound for each entry printed

'All chiropodists have their off days, sir.'

'Of course we know that trouser zips carry with them certain dangers, but we don't normally care to talk about such things in haberdashery.'
MAUD GRACECHURCH

'How was I to know he had a thin skull?'
P.W.R. FOOT

'The sergeant told me to charge him with disorderly behaviour, and I took it the wrong way.'
BILL GREENWELL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'Some terrorists died for technical reasons while surrendering.'

'A surgeon has to make these choices.'

T. GRIFFITHS

'I was using my truncheon to swat a fly that had settled on his head.'

FRANK ANDERSON

'Of course I didn't suppress the story — I put it on that spiked thing on the news editor's desk so that he wouldn't miss it.'

JIM ANTHONY

'The prisoner consented, m'lud, with the words: "Well I'll be buggered".'

D. KARTUN

'Well, once your decimal point starts going adrift, you're just as likely to be a hundred million out as a single quid.'

ROBIN RAVENSBOURNE

'I'm a policeman, not a physiologist.'

NICHOLAS MURRAY

'I told them not to take the scaffolding down before the wallpaper went on.'

JOHN BANGSUND

'Nothing to worry about, we're just squeezing inflation out of the system.'

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Tony Miles

Chess

No 194 **Chess ciruit incidentals**

All South Americans are crazy. Maybe it's just the way they organise things but I don't think so. It was Friday night and I had gone to bed early with a evere case of jet-lag. I was looking forward to a nonth of peace and quiet after one too many tourraments. Sometime after midnight the phone rang. I eached out into the darkness, more to kill the noise than anything else. There was a distant crackling on the line and then a vaguely familiar voice: "Ello . . . Mice?" (Rentokil — No. Spanish speakers always have trouble with Is so I have grown accustomed to this form of address.) I grunted. "Eez Miguel . . . Quinteros" he added uncertainly. I grunted again. "You want to play tournament?" "When?" I yawned. "You get here Thursday?" (here being Buenos Aires). I forget my exact words but they weren't printable. However, at the mention of a well-known currency with a sufficient number of zeros behind it, my month of peace became a thing of the past. The tournament at least sounded a pleasant affair: a double-round quadrangular with Ljubojevic, Panno and Quinteros. At this point one might be forgiven for thinking that the fun was over and, until Madrid, it was.

Personally I have always liked DC10s. Usually enough people are suspicious of them to create an adequate number of empty seats for a decently comfortable snooze on a long flight. (In future my view may possibly change!) Literally seconds after takeoff there was a distant bang to my left followed by a noticeable smell of burning. This turned out to be an engine exploding and had it occured few seconds earlier the NS might well be looking for a new chess columnist. The laudable calm in the captain's voice as he announced that we would be returning to Madrid airport due to a "slight technical problem" was hardly borne out by the expressions on the faces of the rest of the crew. Fortunately the landing was uneventful but the engine was enough of a write-off that all the passengers, after a day's delay, had to be transferred to other flights.

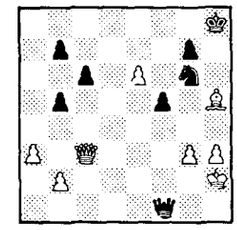
In my ignorance I had assumed that the tournament would be played in Buenos Aires — wrong. On arrival I was whisked through customs at VIP speed and into a car for the national airport, an hour's drive away. The connecting flight left in fifty minutes but, as I have learned from mildly terrifying experience, any self-respecting Argentinian driver can cut a third off any journey by ignoring one-way streets and driving along central reservations. So it proved and, after a further two-hour flight and another hour's drive, the small town of Puerto Madryn was reached. As it was only a four-player tournament I had hoped, in my innocence, that the first round might be postponed for a day to allow for recovery. Wrong again. "You play at 9 pm" (!) I gulped, grabbed a sandwich and went to bed for a precious couple of hours' rest. Thereafter, remarkably (or maybe not — what else could go wrong?) it was plain sailing. I started with 2½/3 and only a piece of over-ambition meant that I had to be content with sharing first place with Ljubojevic on 4/6, with Panno 3 and Quinteros 1.

White: A.J. Miles **Black: O. Panno**

1.P-Q4, N-KB3; 2.P-QB4, P-K3; 3.N-KB3, P-QN3; 4.P-QR3, B-N2; 5.N-B3, P-Q4; 6.PxP, PxP; 7.B-B4, B-Q3; 8.B-N3, 0-0; 9.P-K3, P-QR3. The alternative is an immediate . . . P-B4 but Panno was concerned about 10.N-QN5. **10.R-B1, R-K1; 11.B-Q3, Q-K2; 12.P-N4, QN-Q2; 13.Q-N3, P-B3.** Ugly, but the problem is that the more natural . . . QR-N1 allows 14.BxB, QxB; 15.P-N5! **14.0-0, P-QR4; 15.B-B5(!) PxP; 16.BxB, QxB; 17.PxP, R-R2; 18.R-R1, R(1)-R1; 19.RxR, RxR; 20.P-K4! PxP; 21.N-N5!** Suddenly there is no good way to defend KB2. **21 . . . Q-K2; 22.NxBP! N-Q4; 23.NxN, PxN,** not . . . QxN; 24.N-B6ch! **24.BxN!** If 24.Q-KR3, N-B1. **24 . . . QxB(?)** . . . QxN; 25.Q-KR3 is unpleasant but, I think, preferable. **25.N-K5, Q-Q3; 26.P-B3! B-B1** hoping to back out but . . . PxP; 27.QxP, B-B1; 28.N-B7! Q-K2; 29.N-N5! R-Q2 (. . . Q-Q3; 30.R-K1, Q-Q1; 31.QxPch!); 30.N-K6! P-R3; 31.Q-B8ch, K-R2; 32.Q-B5ch, K-N1; 33.Q-K5! is curtains. **27.PxP, B-K3; 28.R-B1!** But this shatters the illusion: if PxP, R-B8ch. Now R-B6 is unstoppable. **28 . . . P-R3; 29-R-B6, R-R8ch; 30.K-B2, Q-K2; 31.N-B3(!) B-B2; 32.P-K5, Q-R2.** Of course his position was hopeless but this allows a pretty finish. **33.R-B8ch, K-R2; 34.N-N5ch! K-N3.** If . . . PxN; 35.Q-Q3ch is elegant. **35.R-B6ch! KxN; 36.Q-N3ch, K-B4; 37.Q-B3ch, K-N4; 38.K-N3!** and, rather meanly, black lost on time. **38 . . . R-R6; 39.P-R4mate.**

Problem 194

Black to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked no later than 3 September.

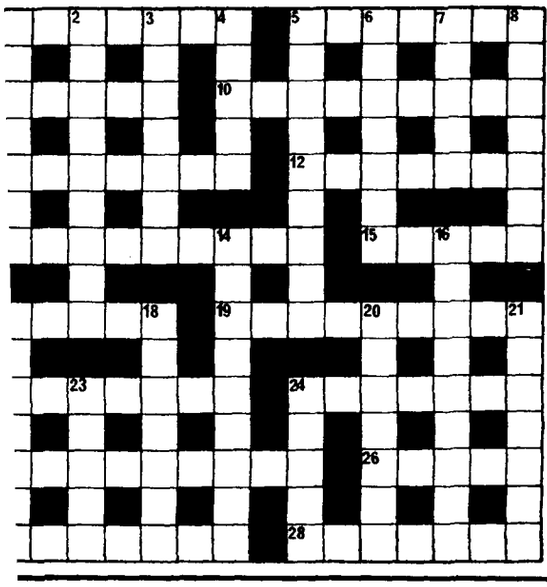


Solution to problem 192

Interesting. On alternative moves eg 1.R-R3 Black can play . . . 0-0-0 followed by . . . P-K4 with chances for both sides. After 1.B-N5ch!? a king move would clearly be awkward for Black so . . . B-B3. Here an exchange of lightsquared bishops would favour Black thanks to the weakness of White's QB4 square. Therefore 2.Q-B3! is best. Now if 2 . . . R-QB1; 3.Q-B6! is crushing but Black has the counterblow 2 . . . 0-0-0! winning the exchange 3.BxB, PxR. Black has a material advantage but White has counterplay in his white square control, attacking chances, and Black's weakened pawns. So . . . interesting!

Weekend Crossword 1354

RIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions pened. Entries to Crossword 1354, New Statesman, Great urnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 2 September.



Across

1 Suffocate, making her most upset (7)
5 The missus and I moved and we live alone (7)
9 It is always in bed but never still (5)
10 Decoration gives mother a bit of play (9)
11 Soldier discovers nothing in message sent back (7)
12 Part of plant hired out produces small tract (7)
13 Farming makes us introduce prohibition among the hot and thirsty (9)
15 'In reeking tube and iron ——' (Kipling) (5)
17 Where pros go to hospital (5)
19 Again lost badly, so hating to be away (9)
22 An animal about to steal is an agile one (7)
24 Headgear for Nero ill in bed (7)
25 Wretched bears wandering in the distance (9)
26 Songs from the concert at which Maria sang (5)
27 Player who is potentially an asset (7)
28 Spoil some literature about the sick (7)

DOWN

1 Withdraw although not handicapped (7)
2 Evidently a strange boy is embracing a girl with a disturbed soul (9)
3 Mocker has something worthless in laughter (7)
4 Additional clause which is not pedestrian (5)
5 A country in a man's mountains (9)
6 If naughty children lose their heads they spoil a class (7)
7 I am in trade as a matter of principle (5)
8 We are among those who are satisfied when made to work hard (7)
14 Where those who want money come before board (9)
16 A great inn hidden away in the country (9)
17 About time the tough guy became the leader (7)
18 Part of Russia is backed by comrade of Stalin (7)
20 Letters sound as if they are for eldest son (7)
21 Entertainer who must have a sitter in (7)
23 'The raptures and —— of vice' (Swinburne) (5)
24 A bargain, if caught with a large quantity (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1352

L	U	S	T	R	U	M		P	A	T	C	H	E	S
O	T	Q	U	O	A	E	H							
N	E	A	R	S		T	I	T	I	L	L	A	T	E
G	V	T		T	S	I	V	A						
P	R	A	I	R	I	E	S		O	S	B	E	R	T
I	N	A	R	A	M					H				
G	A	G	A		W	I	N	D	L	A	S	S	E	S
		E	F		N	R		N	C					
W	O	R	K	I	N	G	T	O	N		E	R	O	S
O			S	S		I	V	A	P					
L	A	M	E	S	T		S	T	R	I	P	P	E	R
F	O	U		O		N		R	B	A				
C	O	L	E	R	I	D	G	E		A	G	O	N	Y
U	T		E	E		S		G	O	E				
B	L	O	U	S	E	S		S	H	O	C	K	E	D

Prizewinners to No 1352

Cathy Nolan (Paris)
Allan M. Roy (Nova Scotia)
Miriam Friedlander (London)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

APPOINTMENTS

Computing needs journalists

computing

SRC puts £2.5m behind UK's robotics elbow

Dig row irrelevant, SRS man says

***Computing*, Britain's leading weekly computer newspaper, is expanding and has vacancies for**

Staff Writers

Initiative and a nose for news are essential but an interest in business is more important than knowledge of the computer industry

Computing has a circulation over 90,000 and is Britain's most popular computer newspaper. It is one of a group of highly successful business papers including *Campaign* and *Management Today* from the Haymarket Publishing Group.

Career prospects are good, salary in accordance with age and experience.

Please apply to Richard Sharpe, Editor, 53/55 Frith Street, London W1A 2HG. Tel: 01-437 9588.

National Unilever Managers' Association

Appointment of

Industrial Relations Liaison Officer

The successful applicant will be expected to take an active part in all aspects of the Association's industrial relations work which will include contact between the Association's branches and Central Office, undertaking research and general assistance to the Industrial Relations Consultant.

This is a full-time appointment based in London though extensive travel within the UK is to be anticipated. Salary in range **£5,500-£7,000** (subject to regular review), good holidays and conditions of service.

Please apply enclosing CV to:

Mr. W. Aspinall,
NUMA, Association House,
17 John's Mews, London WC1.
01-404 0216
Closing date: 31 August

NATIONAL COUNCIL FOR VOLUNTARY ORGANISATIONS

Councils for Voluntary Service Information Officer

The NCVO is concentrating on the development of Councils for Voluntary Service and additionally reorganising its information service to them. It requires an information officer to provide information for their particular needs and to advise them on the development of their information work. He/She will be expected to increase public awareness of the role of CVS and that of their Standing Conference.

Candidates should have experience of information work preferably within the voluntary sector and be aware of new developments in information processes and technology.

Salary scale: £4,400-£5,700 (under review) plus £780 London Weighting.

5 weeks and 3 days holiday. Superannuation scheme.

Further details and application form from:
The Personnel Officer, NCVO, 26 Bedford Square, London WC1B 3HU. Tel: 01-636 4066.

HOUSING MANAGER

(re-advertisement)

SOLON **Housing Association** requires a third housing manager. The worker will carry out all aspects of housing management, and we expect to employ a person able to demonstrate initiative and self-reliance and to bring fresh ideas to the problems of housing in the inner-city areas. The successful applicant will need to be able to make positive contributions to policy and work with officers at the highest levels in local authority and funding authorities. SOLON is a non-hierarchical organisation, and the applicant will be expected to contribute to the running of the Group. Experience preferred.

Equal salary £6,600. Apply for detailed job description to: **Christine Czechowski, SOLON Housing Association Ltd, 381 Clapham Road, London SW9 9BT. Tel. 01-274 9998/9/0.**

THE UNIVERSITY OF TASMANIA

VISITING LECTURESHIP IN LABOUR ECONOMICS AND INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS

Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post of Visiting Lecturer in the Department of Economics, funded partially by a bequest from the Pitt Cobbett Charitable Trust. Applicants primary interest should be in the field of labour economics and/or industrial relations.

It is proposed that appointment be offered on a full-time contract basis for up to eleven months commencing 1 June 1981, but applications will be considered for a shorter appointment in 1981 or 1982.

Salary will be within the Lecturers scale $A17,739 – 6 x 795, 1 x 794 – $A23,303 p.a., according to qualifications and experience.

Applications close on **31 October 1980.**

Further particulars from the

Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF.

THE LABOUR RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

has a vacancy for a **Researcher** to work in the field of industrial relations dealing especially with employment conditions and pay. The person appointed would assist in the general work of the department and its publications, with particular reference to **'BARGAINING REPORT'.**

A relevant degree or comparable qualification will be an advantage as will experience of the trade union and labour movement. Salary £6,000 p.a. (35 hours, 5 weeks two days annual holiday).

Written applications with the names of two referees to reach **the Secretary, Labour Research Department, 78 Blackfriars Road, London SE1 8HF by 5 Sept.**

MINORITIES' ARTS ADVISORY SERVICE

is looking for an

ADMINISTRATOR

Commitment to ethnic minorities' activities and some experience of administrative and financial work essential.

Salary £4,800 p.a.

Closing date for applications **15 September.** Contact **MAAS, 91 Mortimer St, London W1. Tel. 01-580 1534/5** for more information.

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY OF WELLINGTON
New Zealand

LIBRARIAN
(INFORMATION SERVICE)

Lectureship in the Department of Librarianship. The appointee wil be required to teach in the area of Information Science for the Department's Postgraduate Diploma Programme and to assis in developing its research pro gramme. From 1 February 1981.

SALARY: The salary scale fo Lecturers is NZ$15,149 to $18,61 per annum. It is expected tha salaries will be augmented by a 4% General Wage adjustment.

CLOSING DATE: The closing dat for applications is **30 Septembe 1980.**

Conditions of Appointment an method of application may b obtained from the **Association o Commonwealth Universitie (Appts), 36 Gordon Square London WC1H 0PF.**

OV SELECTIONS CATERS for the more m person as well as graduates and 'A' level stuc with typing and office skills. Phone Mrs O Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), 92 Brom Road (opp. Harrods), SW3 1EH. 01-589 0590.

PUTNEY: ONE EXCEPTIONAL SEC./PA to in our work with 100's of voluntary organisat Age 30+ with good Sh/T. speeds; willing to to an unusual variety of work, correspondenc people. Knowledge of languages, design/ simple bookkeeping useful – not essential. Ltd design and supply collecting material and for fundraising and offer satisfying, dema work, an informal – at times hectic – en ment in a pleasant, small commercial office. £5,000 upwards. Tel. 01-789 4389 or write c/ Holmbush Road, London SW15 3LE.

Accommodati Vacant

CONVENIENT KENTISH TOWN: room in flat for woman, 25+, congenial, indepe £17.50 p.w. Tel. 01-267 8305 eves.

NW3: pleasant bedsit., sep. w.c. Cooking £25 p.w. incl. Box 9158

SURBITON. Waterloo 16 mins. 3 bdrm house, c.h., free Sept. £75 p.w. Leath 72619.

THIRD PERSON own room, shared hous £60 p.c.m. plus bills. Tel. 01-317 8501.

TWO BEDSITS in shared house, Chiswic £75 and £66 p.c.m. incl. c.h. Deposits and quired. Ring Fri. and Sat. only 01-992 710 6.30 p.m.).

Wanted

ANY CHANCE OF A ROOM for Oxford G back from California? Starting work in L looking for flat or room, for 1 or 2. Up to £2 p.w. Tel. 01-229 1847.

FEMINIST POSTGRADUATE sks own roo London. (pref. Brent area). Tel. 452 3744 (days). Sandra McAdam Clark.

FEMALE GRADUATE ENGINEER, seek room in London flat/house, from mid Se (0734) 28636 eves.

TWO FEMALE social workers looking for in S. London. Can you help? Tel. 01-450 226

4 BEDROOM HOME in Stratford, available for exchange London home Oc month 1981. On river Avon directly across Theatre. Box 9210.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Business Services

LONDON BUSINESS CENTRE. Telex, typing, copying, Poste Restante. Business with Pleasure, 31 Craven St., London WC2. 01-839 7481.

Secretarial

BOOKS, theses, scripts, office typing. Tapes/duplicating. Ann Walker 01-584 0198.

GROUP of postgraduates will arrange to have your editing, proof-reading, indexing, typing etc, done expertly. Tel. 01-580 1885.

QUALITY typing, English, German, French. Moderate charges. Anne Shotts, 452 6617.

TYPING delivery collection service, Wandsworth Common. IBM electric Golfball. Tel. 01-672 4582.

Schools

THE NEW SCHOOL, King's Langley, based on the educational principles of Rudolf Steiner. This method of education aims at unfolding individual faculties and the development of truly social impulses. Co-educational Boarding and Day Schools. 5-16 years. GCE at 'O' and 'A' levels. Prospectus on application. King's Langley 62505.

Financial

BUILDING SOCIETY MORTGAGES, remortgages, shops with flats and all difficult mortgages, available. Telephone 01-864 0244 between 9.30 a.m. and 4.30 p.m.

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES. £100-£25,000. Regional Trust, Ltd, GPO Box 4RT, 31 Dover St, London W1A 4RT. 01-491 2934.

LOANS FROM £50. Salaried Persons Postal Loans Ltd. 175 Regent Street, London W1. Tel. 01-734 1974.

Personal

ADVENTURER and occasional actor/writer, self supporting, physically presentable, athletic looking, much travelled, 36 year old divorced, tennis playing, non poseur, who enjoys movies, music, the arts, swimming in warm climes, yoga, wholefoods, travel, hopes to make contact with intelligent Ms, Miss or ex Mrs, with an attractive or interesting face, for, potentially, loving relationship. Star sign appreciated. Box 9224.

ARE YOU an intellectual fun-loving person? 18-80 years old? The Progressive League caters for mind, body and spirit – politics, music, creative writing, poetry, dancing, philosophy. Ring 452 8358.

ATTRACTIVE, professional woman, mid 30s, lively and outgoing, seeks friendship with a man in the literary/academic world, pref. tall, div., late 30s. NW London. Box 9223.

ATTRACTIVE MALE LECTURER, 49, seeks attractive, warm woman, any race (young to 53). Box 9212.

CULTURED, ENGLISH LADY – mature, widowed, well-educated. Home-lover, capable, happy nature, musical, travelled. Seeks active gentleman of similar background for companionship – eventual marriage a possibility. Must be genuine, kind and understanding. Replies in confidence to professional advisers. Box 9198.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm and lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating Dept. (NT), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

'EDINBURGH. College Lecturer, male 47, separated. Firm socialist, wide humanitarian interests, but fighting above all in practical ways to try to build a better society. Would like to meet a sincere woman with ability and a similar life-style. Box 9031.

EVERYBODY NEEDS SOMEBODY sometimes. Status gives you a better chance to meet your kind of people. Contact London's premier marriage/Friendship Service for unattached professional people. 'Status', 88 Marylebone High St. W1. 286 2128 (24 hrs).

FED UP with J. C. functions? contact new small Jewish group age 28-40. Send s.a.e. for further details. Box 9155.

GENTLEMAN, own house, business London, sks lady friend-partner, over 40. Box 9133.

LADY, 40s, middle class, professional, feminine, fashionable, believes true happiness exists in a good marriage and would like to hear from a tall, personable, unattached professional man, youthful, early fifties, who feels the same. He would probably not normally reply to an advertisement. Confidence respected. Box 9237.

MALE, 31, slim, 5' 10", interested in arts, politics, sports, countryside, laughing, would like to meet sensitive female. Avon, West Country. Box 9235.

MAN ALIVE, 47, South Manchester/Cheshire, seeks friendship and company of lady, to share and enjoy wide interests. Box 9207.

M. & F. JEWISH FRIENDSHIP/Marriage Agency. Personal introductions to particularly nice people. Write 32 North Hill, Highgate, N6. 01-340 5616.

NEXUS MEMBERS don't need to place or answer ads from personal columns (they even have quite a social life going?). For info. phone 01-359 7656/6703, 041-221 1090, 061-834 8964, 0272 44365.

PERSONAL COLUMNS, Dating Agencies, Marriage Bureaux. People with experience of above wanted to help with confidential questionnaire survey as part of PhD Sociology Thesis. Please write Helen Pearce Box 9192.

PIANO TUNING, Defective notes, pedals repaired. Denys Parsons MSc. 01-340 4695.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN seeks anyone interested in joint purchase of fine Victorian house (four floors), tree-lined Dalston street, close to London Fields. View: conversion to two maisonettes. Tel. (7 days from ad only) 01-254 4124.

QUIET, friendly woman, educ., sks kindly sensitive male, mature age group. Box 9188.

RAPPORT: enhance your quality of life immeasurably with Rapport, the intelligent person's introduction agency. Send stamp and note of age for details special summer offer to Rapport, Suite A, 3 New High Street, Headington, Oxford. Overseas enquiries welcome.

SIGHT IMPROVED without glasses, Bates Method. 01-874 7337. Wednesdays & Thursdays.

TEACHER 57, widow, children – grown up. I feel and look youthful, have wide interests, pretty Sussex home, love my family but need the companionship of a kind intelligent man for stable rewarding relationship. Box 9230.

THE JANE AUSTEN BUREAU – Introductions in all age groups immediately available. Free details from Brosnan House, Darkes Lane, Potters Bar, or call 44661.

WEST INDIAN GRADUATE, seeks intelligent female, under 40, for carnival companionship. Box 9211.

N.W. LONDON READERS

ARE YOU SATISFIED WITH YOUR T.V. RENTAL SERVICE?

DRAZIN LTD OFFER A HIGH STANDARD OF SERVICE WITH A WIDE CHOICE OF MODELS:
We have been established in Hampstead since 1927.
Telephone 435 7441 or call at our showrooms at
59 HEATH ST. NW3
(opposite Hampstead Tube Station)
N.W. London readers only, please

WARM, intelligent man, considerate, slim, 48, seeks companionship, slim, attractive Taurus woman (35-45), interested in people/society. Box 9202.

WHAT IS PRIMAL BLISS? Bodymind Methods, Primal, Bioenergetic, Gestalt, Meditation, Reciport (reciprocal, non-professional support) can be integrated. Reciport, 8 Princess Avenue, N10 3LR. Tel. 01-586 4109 (8-9.30 a.m. 6.30-7 p.m.) and weekends.

WHY PAY OVER THE ODDS for Durex? Choose from our F.P.A. approved range. 11 sheath sampler £1. 48 Gossamer £4.93, 48 Nu-form extra safe £5.52, 40 Forget-me-not £3.92. Round pound parcel (6 brands, 49 sheaths £6.72 value) £5. Full details and free 'expert's guide' with your first order. Dept NSN 28, FP Sales Ltd, 28 Kelburne Road, Oxford OX4 3SZ.

WORKING CLASS GRADUATE, 41, single, interested music, history, walking, reading etc., wishes to meet like minded female who, amongst other things, would enjoy sharing Sundays at, say, RFH or V and A. Box 9231.

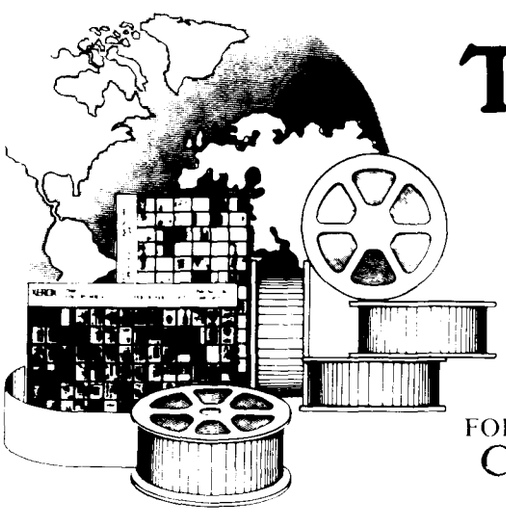
YOUNG MAN, 34, own home in London, would love to meet a special girl who perhaps shares one of many interests incl. country walking, tennis, theatre, bridge, writing. Age immaterial and a good relationship could lead to marriage. Box 9029.

GENTLE GHOST
REMOVALS COOPERATIVE
Fast, cheap and reliable
All sizes
603 2865. 27 Royal Crescent Mews, London W11.

FRIENDS
All over the world (France, Germany, Canada, Switzerland, Belgium, etc.) Friendship, language, exchanges, etc.
Request free brochure:
Amis du Courrier
Av. Chateau 30. 4880 SPA
Belgium

UNATTACHED!!!
This is a challenge to your courage.
Telephone or write to
KENNEDY MATRIMONIAL BUREAU
6 Kennedy Court
Brent Street, NW4
01-202 7926

SEX SUPERMARKET
THE ADULT CENTRE
(established over 10 years)
for Sex Aids and Appliances,
Vibrators, French Ticklers, Exotic Undies etc.
Catalogues 10p + postage, on request.
519 Sheffield Rd, Whittington Moor, Chesterfield. Tel: 451118.
International sheath leaflet inc. DUREX brands s.a.e.



This Publication is Available in MICROFORM

FOR INFORMATION
CONTACT:

University Microfilms International

Name _____
Institution _____
Address _____
_____
_____
Title of publication _____

University Microfilms International

18 Bedford Row
London, WC1R 4EJ
England

300 North Zeeb Road
Ann Arbor, MI 48106
USA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Theatres

UNITY THEATRE
presents
"THE RAGGED TROUSERED PHILANTHROPISTS"
Adapted from the novel by
Robert Tresseu
and directed by Laurence Davies
Saturday 20 September 8 p.m.
Goldsmiths College, New Cross, London SE14
Details from: **Stephen Williams, 28 George Lane, London, SE13. 01-698 0530 or 698 7562.**

ALDWYCH THEATRE Royal Shakespeare Company 836 6404. Recorded booking info 836 5332. cc 379 6233 (10-6, Sats 10-4). 'Othello' 'Sinden's performance is a great one' E. Standard and 'Twelfth Night' 'Cherie Lunghi is a magical Viola', Gdn. RSC also at *The Warehouse in Brecht's* 'Baal' 'So vivid and clear' Observer and Nikolai Erdman's 'The Suicide' 'An evening that lights up the sky' Gdn. RSC also at The Piccadilly Theatre in Willy Russell's 'hilarious' 'Educating Rita'.

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE 722 9301. 'Writer's Cramp' by John Byrne. New production, director Robin Lefevre, with original cast — Bill Paterson, John Bett & Alex Norton. Mon-Sat. 8 p.m. Sat. mat. 4.30.

NATIONAL THEATRE 928 2252. Olivier (open stage) 'Amadeus' and 'Sisterly Feelings', Lyttleton (proscenium stage) 'Watch on The Rhine' and 'Death of a Salesman', Cottesloe (small auditorium) 'Line 'Em'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

Meetings

KRISHNAMURTI, the revolutionary religious teacher, will give public talks at Brockwood Park, Bramdean, Hampshire on August 30, 31, September 6 and 7, and discussions on September 2 and 4, all commencing at 11.30 a.m. Further information from Krishnamurti Foundation, 24 Southend Road, Beckenham, Kent, BR3 1SD. Tel: 01-650 7023.

POLAND: Workers against the 'Workers State'. Solidarity Public Meeting. Libertarian Movement and Polish speakers. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. 7.30 p.m. Tues. 26 August.

THE 'ISLAMIC REVOLUTION'. Public meeting organised by the Socialist Party of Great Britain. *Wednesday 27 August, 8.15 p.m. at Muswell Hill* Library, Queen's Ave, London, N10.

CENSORSHIP - SENSE OR SHIT?
The Third Brunel Film Festival:
Guest Speaker:
James Ferman (Secretary BBFC.) at Brunel University, Uxbridge. 12-14 September 1980
Residential/Non-Residential alternatives available. Further details:
Uxbridge 39125 (office hours)

Courses

FILM MAKING. Prof. offers group or indiv. tuition, in 16mm film production. 278 7263.

FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, SPANISH, Russian. Courses for conversation (all grades) for GCE 'O' & 'A' levels or Institute of Linguists. Full-time day, part-time evening or private. Also Postal courses in French. Mentor, 15N, Alfred Place, London WC1 (Goodge St tube) Tel. 631 4635.

FRENCH PRACTICAL GRAMMAR, conversation. French professional teacher. £1.50 — 1½ hrs per week. 01-242 7367.

GERMAN Individual Tuition, all stages, by naturalised British subject, academically trained Germany. NW London. 01-435 8523.

GERMAN taught by Languages Graduate. Tel. 01-834 1459.

ALGERIA & SAHARAN OASES £160
18-31 Oct. and 20 Dec.-2 Jan.
Visiting TLEMCAN, ORAN, BENI SAF, and the OASES OF AINSEFRA & TIOUT:
(We stay at Hotel Mohgreb, TLEMCAN, a city of Mosques, Palaces, and Arab Craftsmen and meet the National Liberation Front)
Tell us which Country you wish to visit.
YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Rd, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ.
Phone 0484 24269 or Write.

Cinema

SCREEN ON THE HILL. 435 3366 (opp. Belsize Park Tube). 'Maitresse' for members only. M'ship 20p. Allow 24 hrs approval.

Holidays/ Travel

MID TERM BREAK in Moscow and Leningrad, 25 Oct.-1 Nov., £188. Price includes, flight, full board, programme, with special visits for those interested in Soviet Education. Progressive Tours, 12 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2 2BS. 01-262 1676.

NEXT TIME YOU GO TO RUSSIA. Published by John Murray at £5.75.

SHROPSHIRE/WELSH BORDER: farm cottage in lovely gardens, sleeps 5. Free from 30.8.80. £50 p.w. Tel Halliday 074 378 270.

LATIN AMERICA. 5 low cost holiday journeys 3/4/5 wks. Broch: Journey Latin America Ltd, 10 Barley Mow Passage, London W4. 01-994 6477.

WELSH HILLS, *Superb situation, all comforts,* D. b. + b., £47 p.w. Vacs from 23 Aug. Bonner, Bron Fadog, Trefriw, N. Wales. Llanrwst 640566.

S. MARTIN'S COLLEGE, LANCASTER

1ST DEGREE COURSES

B.A. (Hons.) Social Ethics with Education, Geography or Religious Studies.

B.A. (Hons.) English with Education, French, History or Religious Studies.

B.A. (Ordinary) English, Geography, History or Social Ethics.

B.Ed. (Hons./Ordinary) Choice of nine subjects.

All teaching age ranges and Youth Work.

Part I courses common to all degrees. Two 'A' Level entry.

Details of places available for 1980, and 1981 Prospectus:
Registrar (Dept. N.), S. Martin's College, Lancaster LA1 3JD.
(Tel: 0524-63446)

Publications

MIDDLE EAST. Books bought & catalogues issued A. C. Hall, 30 Staines Rd, Twickenham, Mddx.

REVIEW COPIES and others in fine condition bought by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion Street, WC1. Tel. 01-242 5822.

UK Committee for UNICEF

EAST AFRICAN EMERGENCY

Hundreds of small children are dying every day as SEVERE FAMINE continues to strike East Africa. UNICEF is providing emergency feeding and medical treatment to save the lives of starving mothers and babies.

Please give as generously as you can.

Please help by sending your donation to:—

North of England Centre for UNICEF (U.K.), Room 1C, 69 Cross Street, Sale, Cheshire M33 1HF.

or

U.K. Committee for UNICEF, Room 40F, 46-48 Osnaburgh Street, London NW1 3PU.

Cheques made payable to UNICEF. Please send S.A.E. if you would like a receipt.

NEW STATESMAN

can be delivered to your doorstep every week if you take out a postal subscription. You can subscribe for six months or a full year. If you have a subscription it will not matter if your local newsagent has sold out.

Rates for a full year are as follows (rates for six months are exactly half):— UK — £20: Europe — £27: Middle East — £29: Africa, India — £30.50: Australasia — £32: USA — $69: Canada — $80.

If you wish to subscribe please complete the form below and send it with your sterling cheque/international money order to **Subscription Manager, New Statesman, 10 Great Turnstile, London WC1.**

Name/Address.....

.....

.....

.....

Incorporating 'The Nation', The Athenaeum' and 'The Week-end Review'. Registered as a newspaper. Filmset by Arc Filmsetting Ltd, 44-48 Clerkenwell Road, London EC1. Printed by QB Ltd, Colchester. Published by the Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd, at Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ. Second class postage paid at New York NY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED